

# 4MOST

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SPRING



ADDED  
FEATURE  
Q's & A's  
and  
LOOK-LAUGH-  
LEARN

WALTER  
JOHNSON

VOL. 4 NO. 2





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

## The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!!

We'll admit it's still mighty chilly and the snow is doing a good job of blanketing parts of the countryside, but we have a thumping suggestion to make. We hope sincerely that you'll take us up on it. Right about now is the time to start thinking of those Victory Gardens of yours. There are some swell sources of information in Eddie Bell's story in this issue—tells you where to write for booklets in Washington and shows you some easy things to make with little material and less difficulty. We'll wager the 4-H'ers beat us to the punch. How about it? Get going, gang, for there's no time like the present.

We also want to mention and underscore the suggestion that you get solidly behind the Red Cross drive which starts in March. That organization is doing a magnificent job and it's up to all of us to help in any way we possibly can. Think of the vast territories the Red Cross covers, ministering to the wounded of ALL countries! Let's go all out and do our bit to make the drive a terrific success.

We feel we've got a special issue of 4-MOST for you this trip. The adventures of Dick Cole are packed with action and suspense, and Candid Charlie's surgical photography supplies many a chuckle, but we'll find out soon enough whether you like the book! That's one thing we appreciate very much, gang: your continuous flow of letters. Keep 'em coming!!

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

UPSIDE DOWN OR RIGHT SIDE UP? — LETTERS WANTED

The Q & A feature in 4-MOST COMICS has questions at the foot of certain left-hand pages. Each answer is on the page facing the question. Should answers be printed upside down, so readers will not accidentally glimpse the answers and spoil the fun before attempting to answer the questions? Or, should the answers be printed right side up for easier reading and better appearance on the pages? How do you vote? And what do you think of the Q & A feature for entertainment and educational value?

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I always did like comics but my dad wouldn't ever let me buy them. One day, though, I brought home a 4-MOST and when dad saw it he really liked it a lot.

Dick Cole is the best, I guess, but Edison Bell is still my favorite.

Yours truly,  
Edward Harton  
Athens, Alabama

*Sure hope you get to see your 4-MOST first, Ed. Some dads we know read it from cover to cover before Junior has a chance to start.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished the Winter issue of 4-MOST and I like all the stories very much. Dick Cole and Kit Carter are my favorites, but Candid Charlie and Edison Bell are swell, too. I don't see any improvements that could be made in 4-MOST. It's perfect.

Sincerely,  
Faye Cox  
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

*The Winter issue went over with a terrific bang, Faye. Hope you and the gang like this issue as well!*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I read my 4-MOST COMICS last night and I thought it was terrific. Edison Bell ranks first in my opinion, then comes Dick Cole and Candid Charlie. I think that the Q and A feature is educational and helps you enjoy the comic strips even more.

Your ideas in every strip are different from any other comic I read.

Sincerely,  
George Slentz  
Fl. Worth, Texas

*We try our best to be original and are pleased you consider our strips "different," George.*

Dear Editors:

Of all the comic magazines I've read 4-MOST is really my choice of the best. I put Dick Cole first because the artist really does marvelous drawings. I am quite fascinated by the questions at the bottom of the pages. Aside from being interesting, they prove quite educational.

In your Winter edition, I saw that plea of the sailor who wanted mail, and as I have three brothers in the service, I immediately sat down and wrote him. Hope this remedied the "situation."

Very truly yours,  
Harry Daly  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Incidentally, gang, we've received numerous letters from readers who wrote to the lonesome sailor. He should have piles of mail by now.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Being a fanatic when it comes to 4-MOST COMICS, I would like to congratulate you on your very good comic; especially Dick Cole. I certainly admire his strength and adventures. As for the Cadet, I'm patiently waiting for him to receive his commission and get up to the fighting front.

It is rather difficult for me to purchase 4-MOST as it is not sold here, but thanks to some Americans who haven't forgotten our likes, we get our share.

I speak in behalf of many other Americans in uniform when I say, three cheers for 4-MOST COMICS, and keep them coming!!

Sincerely,  
S/Sgt. Henry S. Daigel  
Somewhere in Italy

*Certainly glad to hear you enjoy 4-MOST so much, Sgt. We found a few back copies and sent them to you so you can catch up with the current adventures.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think 4-MOST COMICS is the best comic book on the stands. I think Edison Bell is especially good and our club is making the boat that Eddie Bell featured in his story.

Every time I go to the store I dash for 4-MOST COMICS. It's sort of hard to get for they sell so fast.

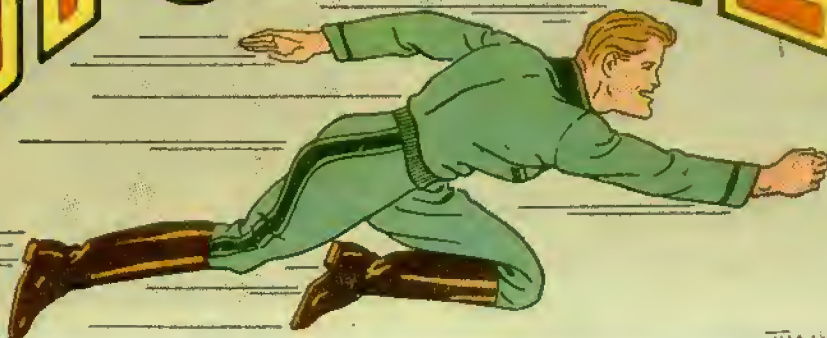
Your friend,  
Philip Skinner  
Ithaca, N. Y.

*Copies are hard to get in the U. S., too.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4-MOST COMICS, 111 WEST 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

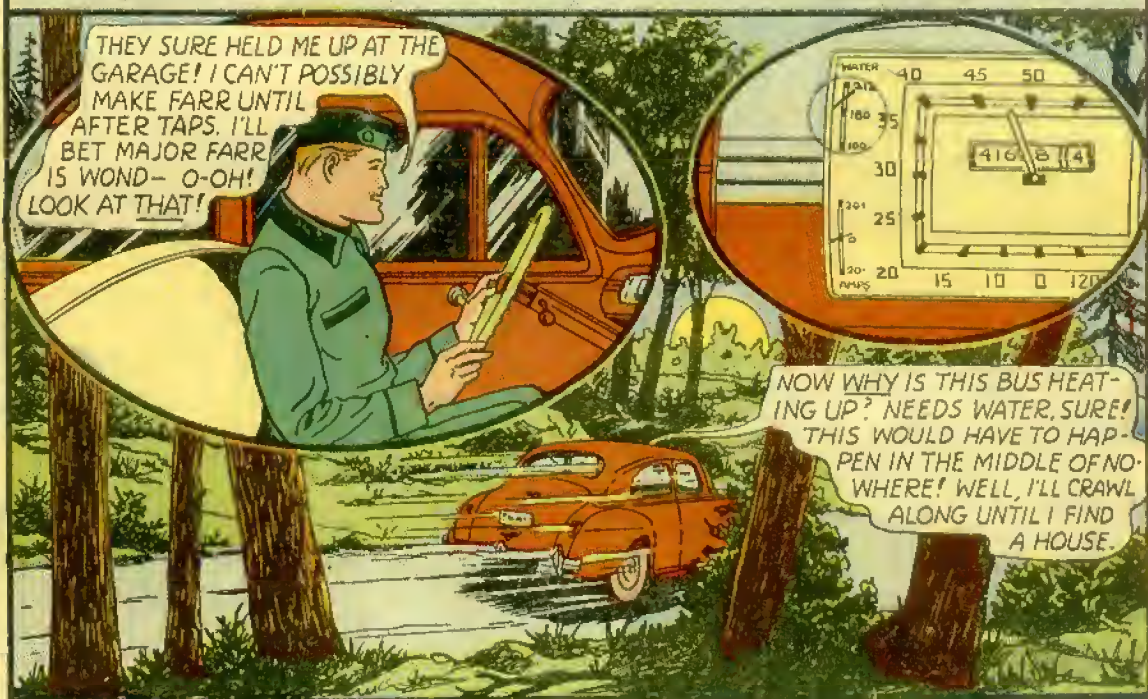
# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

MAJOR FARR HAS SENT DICK COLE TO BIG CITY TO DELIVER SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS TO THE BANK AND, THIS ERRAND ACCOMPLISHED, TO DRIVE THE MAJOR'S CAR - WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT IN BIG CITY FOR OVERHAULING - BACK TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

IT IS NIGHT AND DICK IS SPEEDING ALONG A DESOLATE STRETCH OF HIGHWAY SOME SIXTY MILES FROM FARR M.A.



Art Director  
MEL CUMMIN

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant  
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

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FIVE MILES FARTHER ON, THE CAR TOPS A HILL.

AHA! LIGHTS! A HOUSE, GLORY BE!

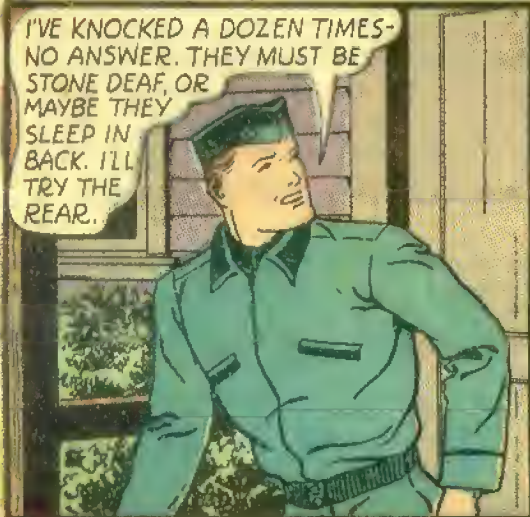


DICK FINDS THE HOUSE BACK FROM THE ROAD. HE PULLS INTO THE ROCKY DRIVE - AND -

WELL, JUST IN TIME, THERE GO THE LIGHTS. THESE FOLKS RETIRE EARLY.



I'VE KNOCKED A DOZEN TIMES - NO ANSWER. THEY MUST BE STONE DEAF, OR MAYBE THEY SLEEP IN BACK. I'LL TRY THE REAR.



DICK KNOCKS VIGOROUSLY ON THE REAR DOOR.

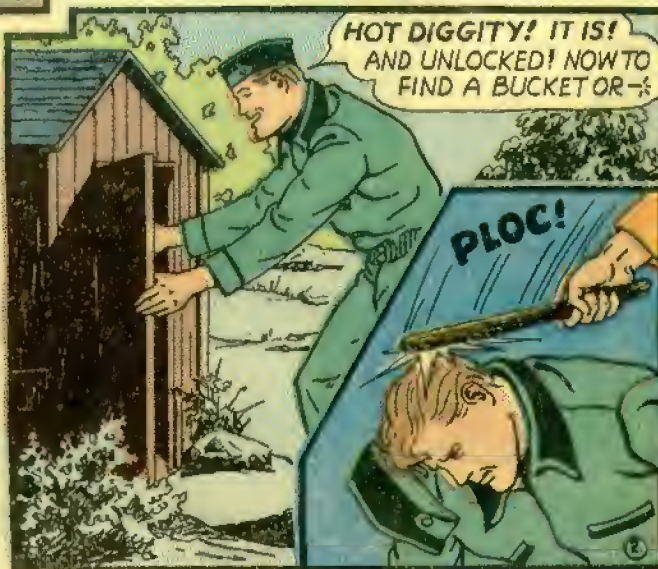
THIS SURE BEATS ME! I KNOW I SAW LIGHTS IN THIS HOUSE! .... WELL, MAYBE THERE'S A PUMP OUT BACK. I'LL LOOK.



NARY A PUMP OR WELL. I MAY AS - WHOA! ISN'T THAT A SPRING HOUSE OVER THERE?



HOT DIGGITY! IT IS! AND UNLOCKED! NOW TO FIND A BUCKET OR -



QUESTION No. 1. What do the British call the hood of a car?



IT IS NEAR MIDNIGHT WHEN DICK REGAINS HIS SENSES AND FINDS HIMSELF LYING ON A HARD COT. HIS HEAD THROBS AS HE RAISES TO AN ELBOW AND TRIES TO PIERCE THE BLACKNESS ABOUT HIM.

AU-OH! GOSH, MY HEAD!.. WHAT HIT ME? WHERE AM I?

SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENS AND DICK IS BLINDED BY A BEAM OF LIGHT.

SO! YOU'VE COME TO!  
NO, NO! JUST RELAX... PLEASE!  
IT'S BEST, I ASSURE YOU.

LOOK, WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
WHERE AM I - WHO ARE YOU -  
WHY WAS I CONKED? WHEN?

EASY, EASY! FIRST  
YOU TELL ME WHY  
YOU WERE SNOOP-  
ING AROUND THIS  
HOUSE!

I WANTED WATER FOR  
MY CAR. THERE WAS  
NO ANSWER TO MY  
KNOCKING, SO I LOOK-  
ED AROUND, FOUND  
THE SPRING HOUSE AND  
THEN SOMETHING HIT ME.

HM-M-M. I'M INCLINED TO  
BELIEVE YOU.... I'LL BE  
BACK SHORTLY.

AS THE DOOR  
CLOSES, DICK  
STARTS A GROPING  
SEARCH FOR A  
WAY OUT, BUT IS  
NOT SUCCESSFUL.  
HE RETURNS TO  
HIS COT.

I GUESS I'M IN  
AN ATTIC AS -  
OH! COMPANY'S  
COMING AGAIN.

WELL, YOUNG MAN, YOU TOLD THE TRUTH.  
YOUR CAR IS OUT OF WATER. SO NOW--

P-S-ST! UNCLE  
HEROLD!

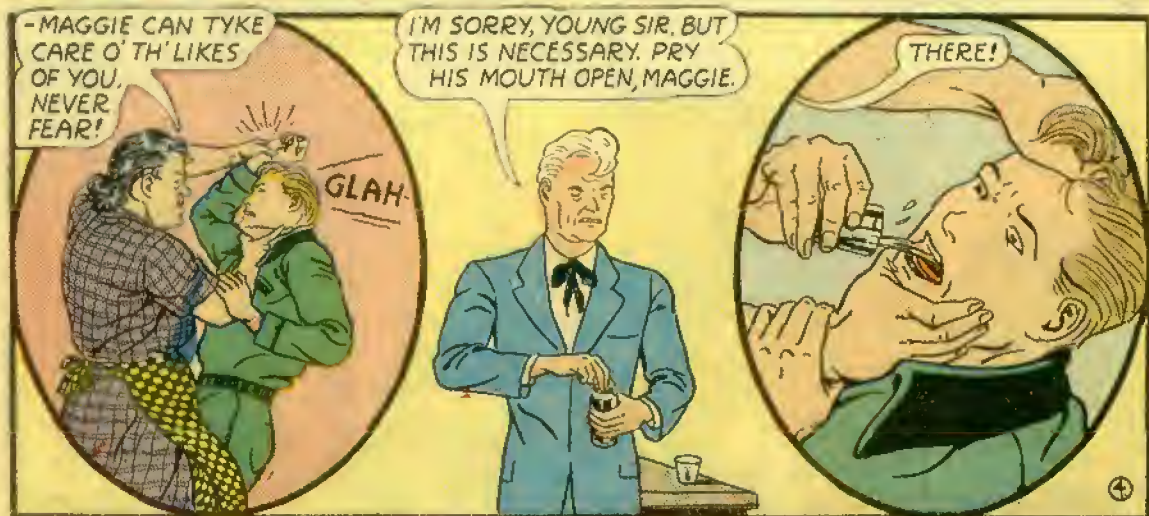
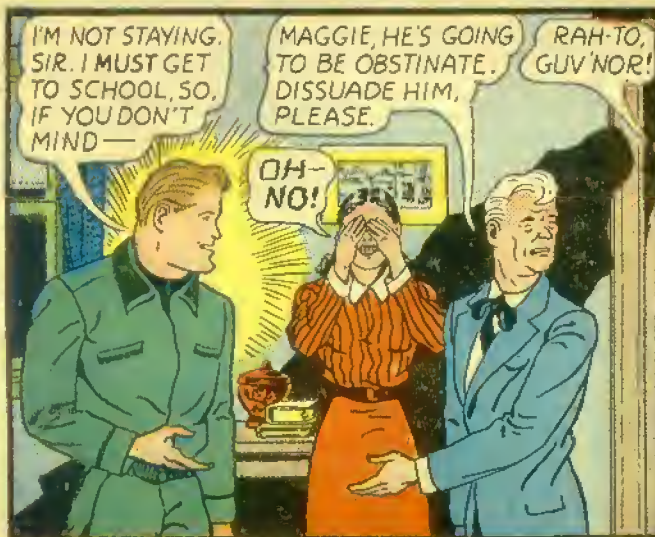
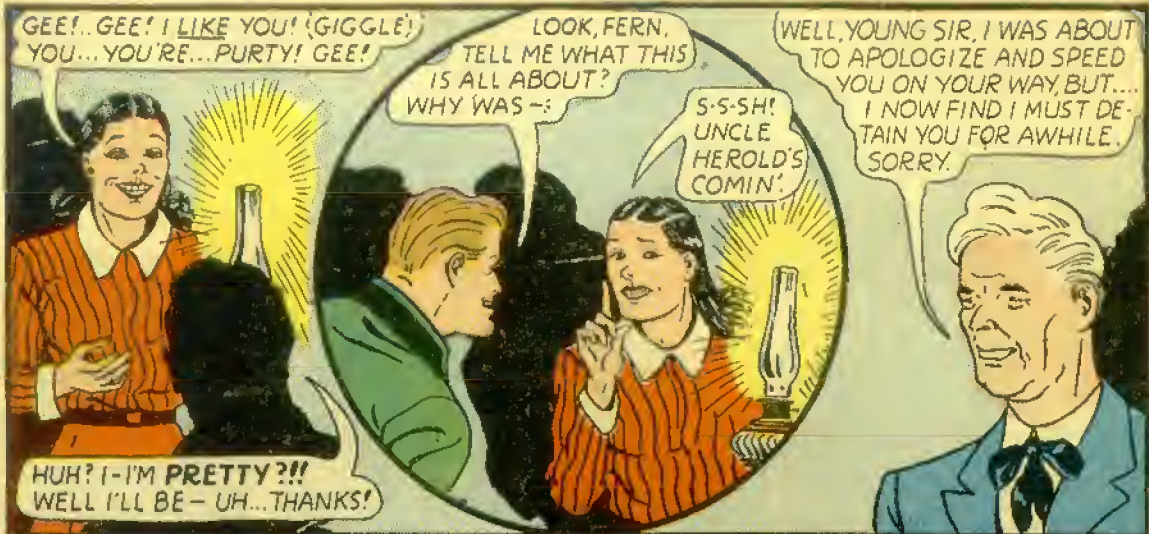
YES, WHAT IS IT,  
ANDY?

C'MERE, QUICK!  
IT'S IMPORTANT!

FERN, STAY HERE.  
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK

YESSUR.





QUESTION No. 2. Which word is the opposite of "dissuade"--pervade, renegade, or persuade?





IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, DICK SWALLOWS THE LIQUID AND THEN REDOUBLES HIS EFFORTS TO BREAK THE PYTHON-LIKE GRIP OF THE AMAZON.. SUDDENLY ALL OF HIS STRENGTH DESERTS HIM, HIS EYES CLOSE, HIS HEAD DROOPS, AND HE GOES LIMP—

OKYE, GUVNOR

AH! HE'S OUT. WE MUST WORK FAST. ANDY, CARRY HIM TO THE REAR BEDROOM, UNDRESS AND PUT HIM TO BED. HIDE HIS CLOTHES AND COME BACK. HURRY!

YES, SIR.



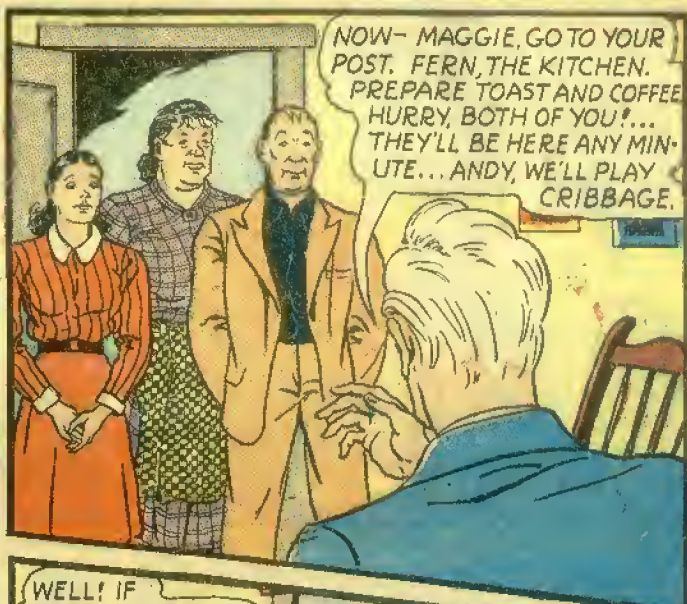
DIMLY DICK FEELS HIMSELF LIFTED, THEN...DARKNESS.



A SHORT TIME LATER, ANDY REPORTS.

HE'S ALL SET AND DEAD TO THE WORLD. I HID THE CLOTHES AND THE CAR IN THE WOODS.

GOOD!

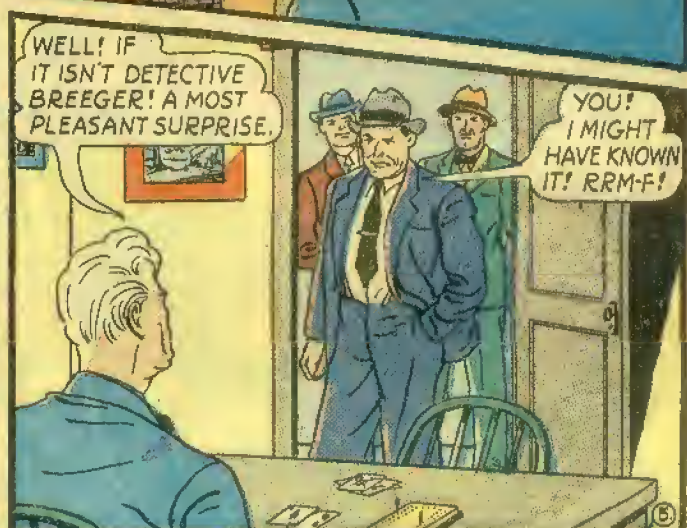


NOW— MAGGIE, GO TO YOUR POST. FERN, THE KITCHEN. PREPARE TOAST AND COFFEE HURRY, BOTH OF YOU!... THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE... ANDY, WE'LL PLAY CRIBBAGE.



FIFTEEN TWO AND A RUN OF THREE MAKES FIVE. LUCKY YOU GOT THE TIP-OFF! HERE THEY ARE NOW. OPEN THE DOOR, ANDY, THEN SCRAM.

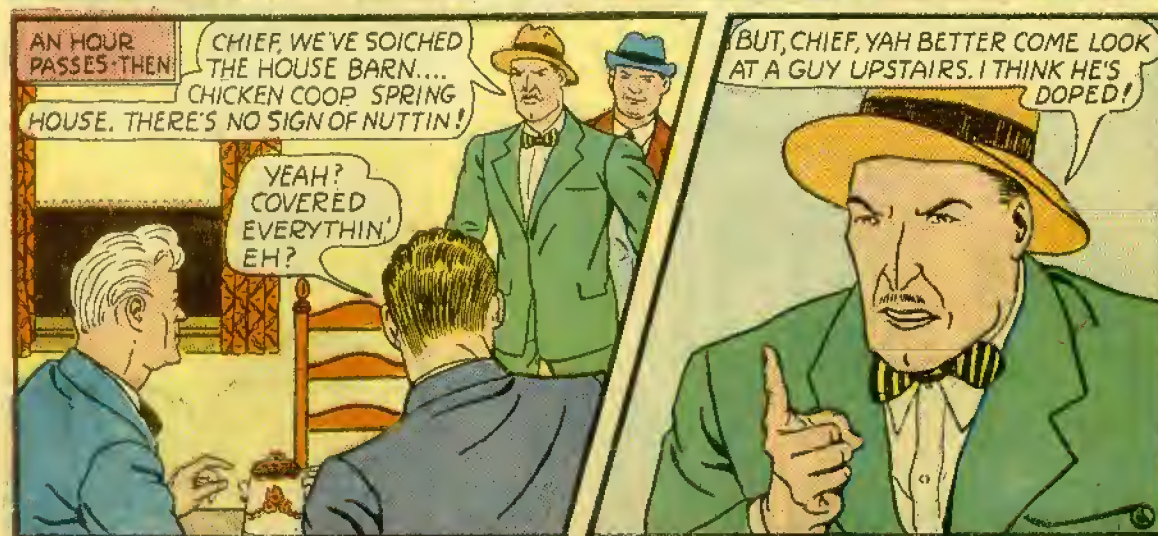
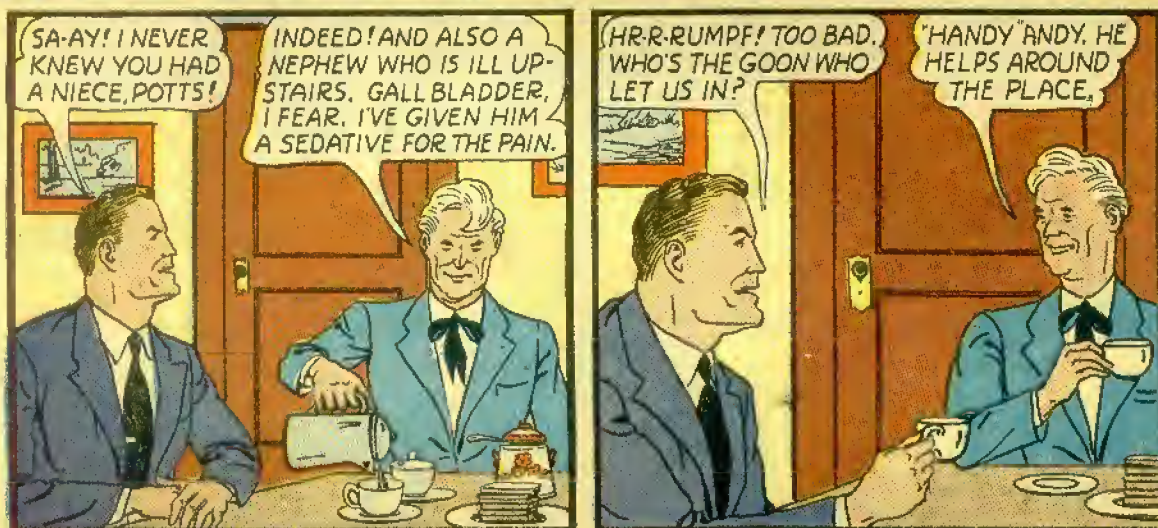
OKAY.



WELL! IF IT ISN'T DETECTIVE BREEGER! A MOST PLEASANT SURPRISE.

YOU! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! RRM-F!









I KNOW ABOUT THAT GUY UP ABOVE. GET GOIN' BOYS, THERE'S NOTHIN' HERE.... AND, POTTS, WE'RE KEEPIN' AN EYE ON YOU.. SEE YOU-LATER.

GOOD NIGHT, DETECTIVE.



THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE DETECTIVE.

ANDY, TELL FERN TO GO UPSTAIRS AND STAY AWAKE ONE HOUR. THEN YOU COME BACK HERE.

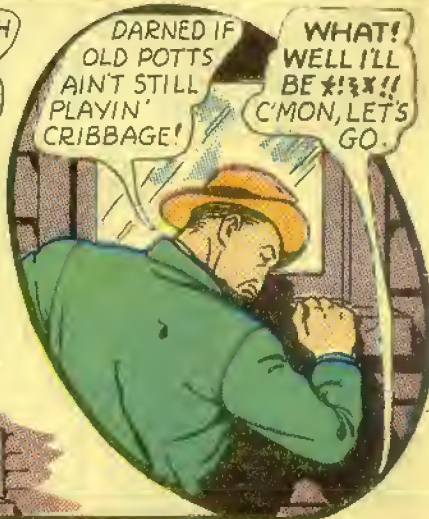


NEARLY AN HOUR HAS PASSED WHEN-

QUIET, NOW. I'LL BOOST YOU WHEN WE REACH THE WINDOW.



LEMME, DOWN, CHIEF! YAH WON'T BELIEVE IT WHEN I TELL YAH WHAT'S GOIN' ON!



DARNED IF OLD POTTS AIN'T STILL PLAYIN' CRIBBAGE!

WHAT! WELL I'LL BE \*!#! C'MON, LET'S GO.



PLAYIN' CRIB--! IT BEATS ME! I WAS SURE WHEN WE SNEAKED BACK WE'D-- SA-AY! IT LOOKS LIKE SLINKY'S TIP-OFF'S ALL WET! MEBBE POTTS HAS GONE STRAIGHT. .... MEBBE!



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE HOUSE--

I JUST SEEN TWO FELLERS SNEAK OUT TH' DRIVE, UNCLE HEROLD.

AH! I'M SURE THEY LEFT THIS TIME! AND NOW, WE HAVE MUCH TO DO BEFORE DAWN!



'OW ABOUT 'IS" NIBS UPSTAIRS, GUV'NOR?

HE'S OUT FOR TWO HOURS AT LEAST. THEN WE'LL ATTEND TO HIM!



YOU YOU WONT  
HURT HIM, UNCLE  
HEROLD? HE...  
HE'S SO PURTY-

EH? DAN CUPID  
AROUND, FERN? NO.  
HE WILL NOT BE HARM-  
ED... BUT HERE! MORE  
IMPORTANT MATTERS  
PRESS!

THIS PLACE HAS BEEN MOST  
USEFUL FOR OVER TWO YEARS  
BUT NOW WE MUST MOVE ON.  
MOST REGRETFUL..... FERN  
WILL PACK THE CLOTHES  
WHILE THE REST OF US AT-  
TEND TO OTHER MATTERS.  
WE MUST BE EN ROUTE BY  
DAWN.

AT THIS POINT WE  
RETURN TO DICK.

PAH! WHAT A TASTE!  
WHAT ON EARTH DID  
HE GIVE ME? GA-AGH!  
MY HEAD'S AS BIG AS A  
BALLOON!

HOLY SMOKE! WHERE'D  
I GET THIS?! HEY! MY  
CLOTHES! WHERE ARE  
THEY?!

AIDED BY  
THE MOONLIGHT, DICK  
SEARCHES THE ROOM.

THEY'RE GONE! NOW I  
AM MAD! I WONDER  
IF THAT DOOR'S LOCKED?

HIS  
QUESTION IS  
ANSWERED!

O-O-OH! YOU'RE UP!  
UNCLE WON'T LIKE THIS!

HEY! GO WAY! NO!  
DON'T! COME HERE-  
NO- STAY THERE!  
I MEAN-(GLUP)  
MY-MY-  
CLOTHES!

CLOTHES? OH, YOU  
CAN'T HAVE YOUR  
CLOTHES. GEE!  
YOU LOOK PURTY  
IN MAGGIE'S  
NIGHTIE!

GLAH! NIGHTIE! GET ME  
OUT OF THIS-UH-NO, NO!  
I MEAN-GET MY CLOTHES!

YOU'RE SPOSED  
TO BE IN BED!  
DO YOU SLEEP  
IN YOUR  
CLOTHES?

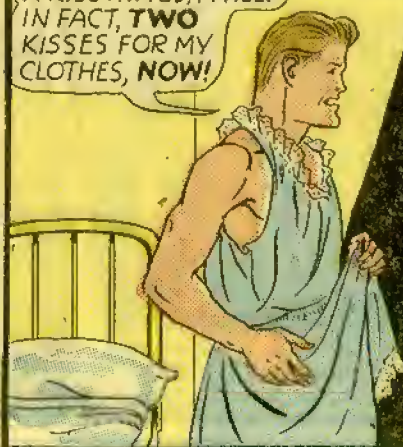
SURE. I- NO! OF  
COURSE NOT! UH-  
I.... LOOK, I'M A LOT  
"PURTIER" IN MY NICE  
GREEN UNIFORM-SO-  
WILL YOU GET IT FOR ME?



UM-M-M. YES, THAT'S RIGHT... SAY, IF I GET YOUR UNIFORM WILL YOU GIVE ME A KISS - WILL YUH?

WHAT?! A-A KISS? (GULP) WHY-ER-UH, A KISS?... YES, I WILL! IN FACT, **TWO** KISSES FOR MY CLOTHES, NOW!

TWO KISSES? HONEST? (GIGGLE) GIVE ME ONE NOW AND (TEE-HEE) T'OTHER WHEN I COME BACK?



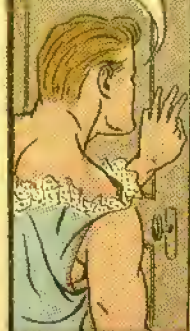
WHOA! DON'T RUSH MATTERS! SAY, I'LL MAKE IT **THREE** IF YOU'LL GO RIGHT NOW!

**THREE?** OH, GOODY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, SO DON'T GO 'WAY! GEE!

GO 'WAY!... FAT CHANCE IN THIS OUTFIT! HOLY COW! NOW I'M IN FOR IT! **THREE** KISSES! UGH!

I-I CAN'T FIND THEM! (SNIFF) ANDY MUSTA HID THEM WITH YOUR CAR. (SNIFF)

MY CAR! IS IT GONE TOO?!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER-



UN-HUH. BUT THAT'S NOTHIN. IT'S YOUR CLOTHES! I-I WON'T GET THEM KISSES! (SNIFF)

YOU WILL. FIND ANDY AND MAKE HIM TELL YOU WHERE THEY ARE. HURRY!

CLOTHES GONE - CAR GONE - DAWG GONE! HOW WILL I EV- VOICES! NOW WHAT?



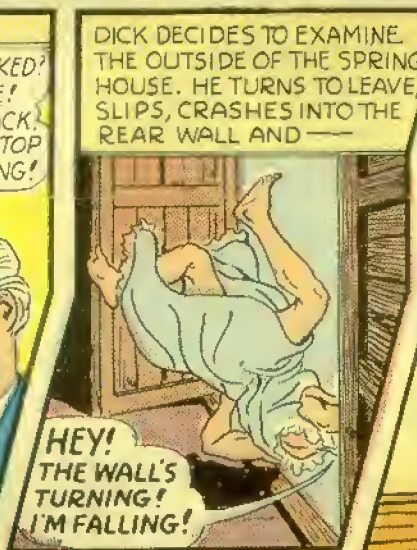
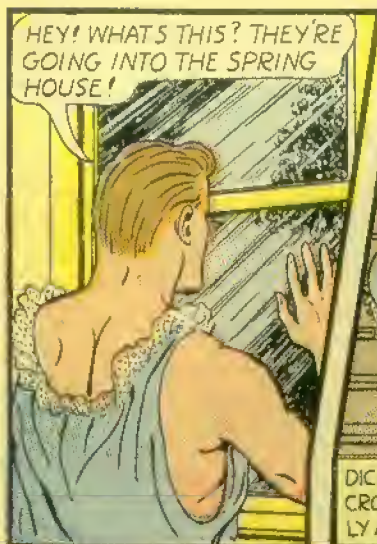
HEY, FERN! C MERE! UNCLE WANTS YOU. DON'T ARGY - C MON!

BUT- ALL RIGHT.

FERN HURRIES FROM THE ROOM-

In the seventh picture, Fern's blouse is not striped. ANSWER NO. 4.







DICK, LANDING ON SOME RUBBISH, IS DAZED MOMENTARILY.

STRIKE ME PINK, IT'S NIBS!  
HI'LL STAWP 'IS CLOCK!

NO, MAGGIE!  
NOT NOW! I'LL  
SPEAK WITH  
HIM FIRST.



SO! YOU ARE A SPY  
AFTER ALL! AND A  
MOST CLUMSY ONE.  
BUT HOW DID YOU  
DISCOVER THE  
SECRET PANEL?

I DIDN'T. IT DIS-  
COVERED ME AND  
TUMBLERD ME  
DOWN HERE ...  
AND... I AM NOT  
A SPY!



THEN WHAT WERE YOU  
DOING IN THE SPRING  
HOUSE?

FERN TOLD ME ANDY  
HID MY UNIFORM. I  
SAW THEM GO IN THERE,  
I WANTED MY CLOTHES, SO  
I FOLLOWED THEM.



HM-M-M- SOMEHOW, I FEEL YOU  
ARE TELLING THE TRUTH....  
WHICH IS MORE THE PITY!

I DON'T GET IT.  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN 'MORE THE  
PITY'?



A PITY BECAUSE, ACCIDENTAL  
THOUGH IT BE, YOU HAVE  
SEEN TOO MUCH!



WHY, ALL I'VE SEEN IS A SPRING  
HOUSE WITH A TRICK DOOR  
AND THIS CELLAR... WHAT'S  
SO AWFUL ABOUT THAT?



LOOK! OVER HERE, YOUNG  
MAN, AND I THINK YOU'LL  
GET MY POINT!





WHAT IS IT? WHY,  
LOOK AT THE.....  
MONEY! O-O-OH!  
IT'S PHONEY!  
WHY, YOU'RE A  
COUNTERFEITER!  
A CROOK!

CROOK! PLEASE! I,  
HEROLD CHESTERFIELD  
POTTS, AM AN ARTIST!  
MY BILLS ARE 99%  
PERFECT! AND...I...  
HAVE BEEN CAUGHT  
BUT ONCE!



I NEVER SHALL BE AGAIN! SO  
WE NOW LEAVE THIS PERFECT  
SPOT BECAUSE BREEGER IS  
SUSPICIOUS AND YOU...YOU  
STUMBLED ON TO IT. A GREAT  
PITY!



AND NOW, ANDY, TIE UP  
OUR GUEST, AND WE'LL  
START PACKING THE  
APPARATUS IN THE  
STATION  
WAGON.

YES, SIR.



BUT DICK DUCKS AWAY  
FROM ANDY'S CLUTCHING  
HANDS—

ONLY TO TRIP ON THE  
LONG NIGHT GOWN.

NOW, I GOTCHA!



DICK COUNTERS  
THE PUSH—

SPRINGS TO  
HIS FEET AND—

NAWR YUH DON'T!



QUESTION No. 6: Where did the expression "point-blank" originate? See opposite page.



TWISTING LOOSE, DICK  
DARTS FOR THE STAIRS,

WITH MAGGIE IN  
HOT PURSUIT —

HE SENDS A ROLL OF  
PAPER CRASHING INTO  
HER FEET.



AND  
MAGGIE  
FALLS  
HEAVILY.

BUT AS DICK  
GAINS THE STAIRS.

STOP! COME DOWN  
QUICK, OR I'LL SHOOT!



DICK OBEYS—  
FEET FIRST!

BANG!

AND—  
MISSES!



STARTLED, POTTS  
FIRES POINT-BLANK—

From the French for "white point" referring to the white of the target.

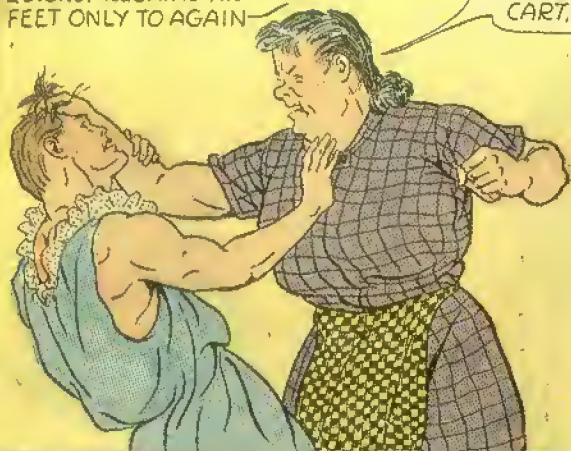


DICK AND POTTS CRASH TO THE FLOOR, BUT DICK QUICKLY REGAINS HIS FEET ONLY TO AGAIN—

CONFRONT MAGGIE.

HUPSET ME APPLE CART, WILL YER? TYKE—

THAT!



HORRIFIED AT THE BLOW, FERN STEALS UP THE STAIRS AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

I'M GONNA FIND HIS CAR, GET HIS NICE UNIFORM AND TAKE HIM AWAY. SOMEHOW... THREE KISSES! GEE!!

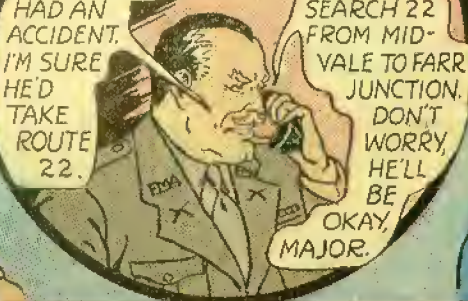


WE GO BACK SEVERAL HOURS TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. IT IS 2<sup>30</sup> A.M. AND MAJOR FARR, WORRIED OVER DICK'S ABSENCE, HAS PHONED THE

STATE POLICE.

— AND SO, CAPTAIN, I'M AFRAID HE MAY HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT. I'M SURE HE'D TAKE ROUTE 22.

I'LL HAVE TWO MEN SEARCH 22 FROM MID-VALE TO FARR JUNCTION. DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE OKAY, MAJOR.



WE RETURN TO THE HIDDEN CELLAR. AN HOUR HAS PASSED SINCE DICK TRIED TO ESCAPE.

ONE MORE LOAD AND WE'RE READY TO GO. ANDY, TRY ONCE MORE TO FIND FERN. WHAT GOT INTO HER!



YOUNG MAN, WE LEAVE YOU HERE. IF THE SECRET PANEL IS FOUND, IN TIME, YOU WILL BE RESCUED, OTHERWISE... IT'S A GREAT PITY.



UNCLE HEROLD! I'VE GOT FERN! SHE'S GOT THAT GUY'S DUDS!



GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT UP. BRING THAT LAST PACKAGE, MAGGIE.

MEANWHILE ON ROUTE 22.

WELL WE'VE COVERED THE WHOLE ROUTE... NOW WHAT? TURN AND GO BACK TO THAT HOUSE THAT WAS LIT UP. IT'S BOUT TEN MILES.





WHY THAT  
HOUSE  
BOB?

MAYBE THEY'RE GET-  
TIN' AN EARLY BREAK-  
FAST, AND WE CAN BUM  
SOME COFFEE.

GOOD  
IDEA!

WHILE BY THE SPRING HOUSE—

WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN,  
FERN?...  
WHAT IS THIS?

HIS CLOTHES.  
I WENT LOOK-  
ING FOR THEM.  
HE'LL CATCH  
COLD IN THAT  
NIGHTIE.

HE'LL  
NOT NEED  
THEM BE-  
CAUSE HE'LL  
NEVER LEAVE  
THAT  
CELLAR!

ANDY, SCOUT  
AROUND AND  
SEE THAT ALL'S  
CLEAR, WHILE  
FERN BRINGS  
THE BAGS  
FROM THE  
HOUSE

20 MINUTES LATER. FERN HAS  
JUST RETURNED TO THE  
HOUSE FOR THE LAST SUIT-  
CASE WHEN — ANDY —

UNCLE HEROLD! STATE  
POLICE! TURNING IN THE  
DRIVE!

QUICK! ALL OF YOU INTO THE  
HOUSE! WE'LL KEEP — AH! TOO  
LATE!

WELL, GETTING  
A PRETTY EARLY  
START, AREN'T  
YOU?

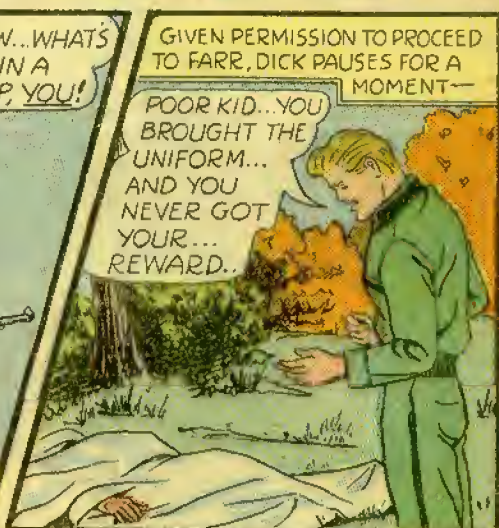
ER, YES...  
OFFICER.  
TAKING — UH  
SOME STUFF  
TO THE JUNKMAN.

UHN-HUH. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN  
ANYTHING OF A CADET IN A  
CAR, HAVE YOU?

CADET? CAR?...  
NO-O, I HAVEN'T..  
ANYTHING — ER —  
WRONG?

DON'T KNOW...MAYBE WE'LL, BOB, LETS GET  
ALONG AND NOT HOLD UP THESE EARLY  
BIRDS





**SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.**

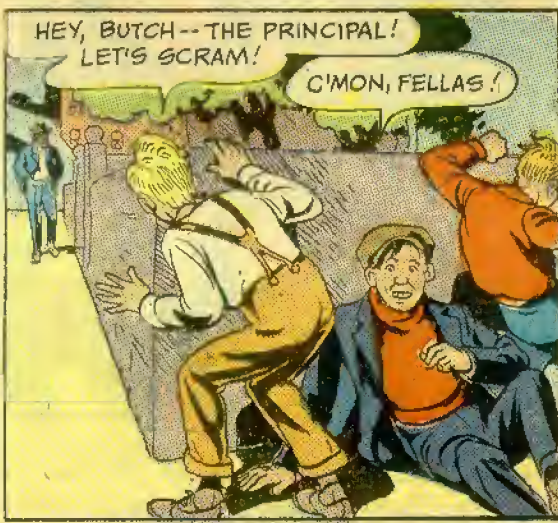
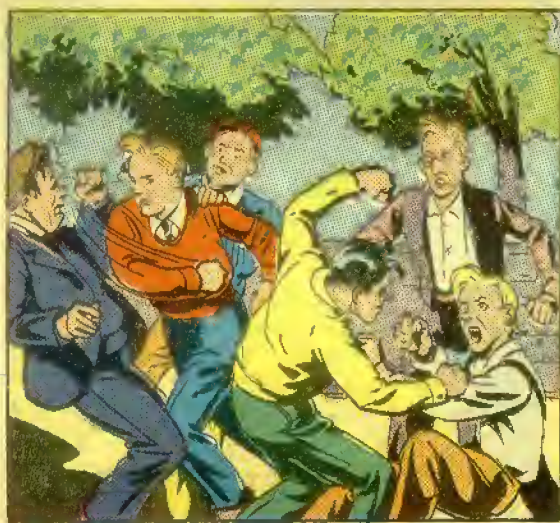


# Edison BELL



THE WINTER'S LONG SO SAVE YOUR HEAT  
AND YOU'LL BE WARM FROM HEAD TO FEET.



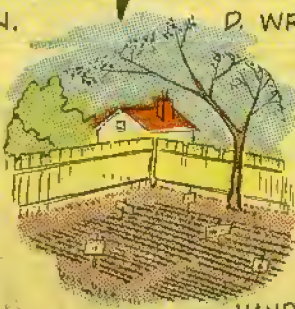


## HOW TO START YOUR Victory GARDEN~~

A. FIND A SUITABLE LOCATION.

B. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL VICTORY GARDEN COUNCIL OR THE PERSON IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THAT HAD THE BEST GARDEN LAST YEAR.

C. WRITE, IF NECESSARY, TO YOUR STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE ... OR TO A RELIABLE GARDEN MAGAZINE.



D. WRITE TO THE OFFICE OF INFORMATION, U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D.C. FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKLETS:

1. "GROWING VEGETABLES IN TOWN AND COUNTRY" --ASK FOR # M.P.-538

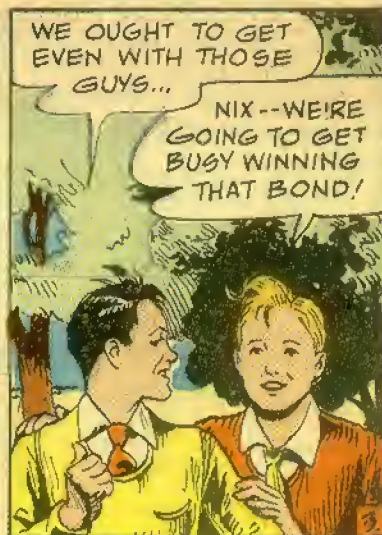
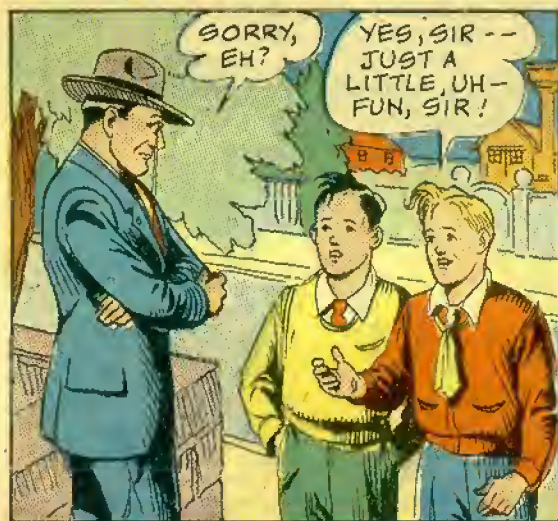
2. "VICTORY GARDENERS' HAND BOOK ON INSECTS AND DISEASES" NUMBER M.P.525

3. "INSECT GUIDE" # A.W.I.-95



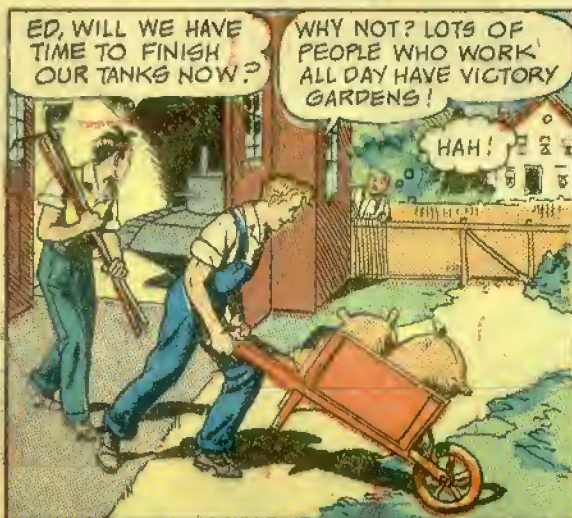
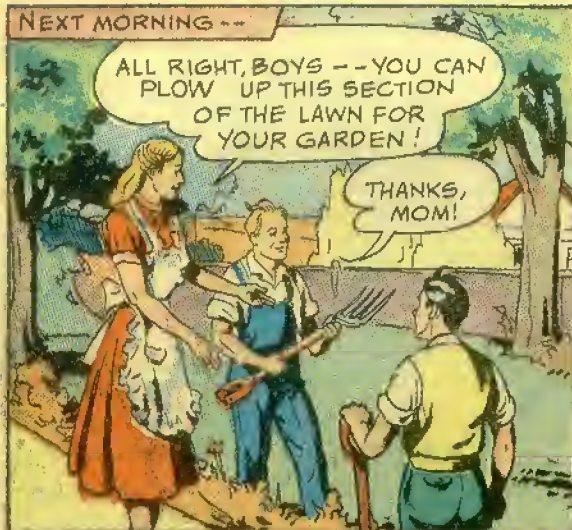
QUESTION No. 8. Is the head of a school "the principle" or "the principal"?







NEXT MORNING --

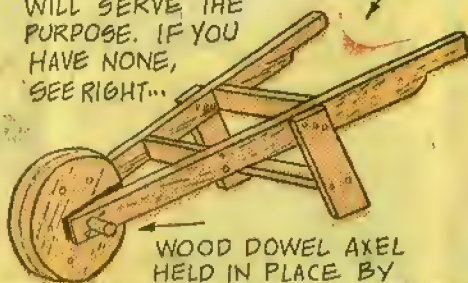


## NO VICTORY GARDEN IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A *Victory* WHEEL BARROW

**T**HIS ALL WOOD WHEELBARROW IS EXTREMELY EASY TO MAKE. USING SCRAP WOOD FOR THE "CHASSIS", MOUNT A SOAP BOX, THE TOP AND PART OF BACK END REMOVED.

ANY SPARE WHEEL WILL SERVE THE PURPOSE. IF YOU HAVE NONE, SEE RIGHT...

CHASSIS



• THE WHEEL •

CAREFULLY REMOVE THE BOTTOMS OF TWO TALL PEACH BASKETS. GLUE THESE CIRCULAR WOOD BASES TOGETHER, THEIR GRAINS CROSSING LIKE AN "X" WHEN DRY. REINFORCE WITH NAILS.



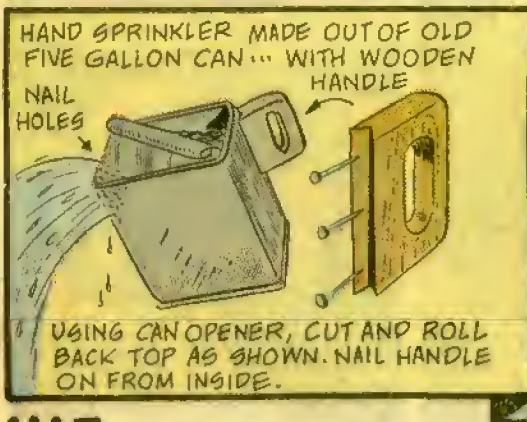






TWO EASILY MADE

*Victory* SPRINKLERS ...



PORTABLE GARDEN "HOSE"

AIR HOLES IN TOP OF FIVE GALLON CAN. A BIT WILL LEAK OUT WHEN FILLING. TO STOP FLOW FROM SPRINKLER, RAISE ABOVE SURFACE OF WATER IN CAN.

RUBBER TUBING AND "SHOWER" SPRINKLER.

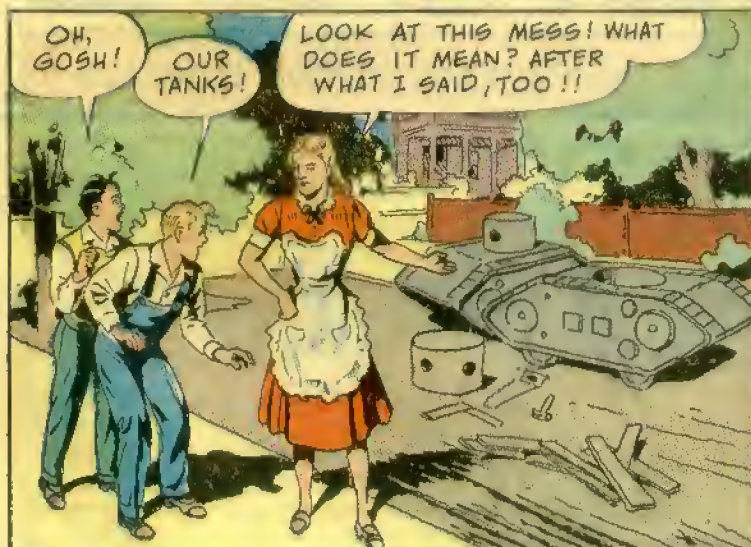
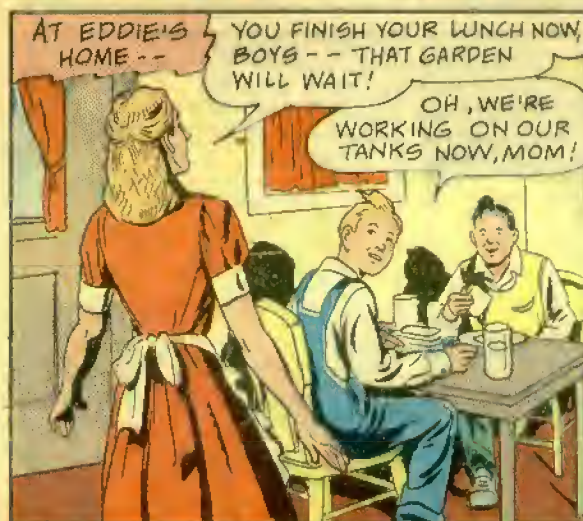
ROPE SHOULDER STRAPS



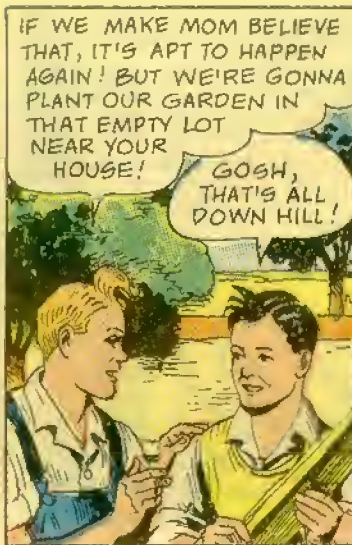
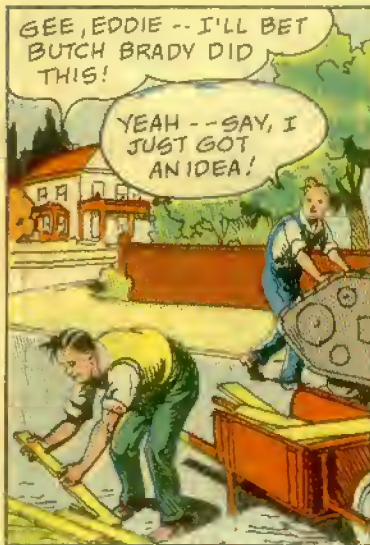
CAN UPSIDE DOWN WHEN IN USE TURN RIGHT-SIDE UP TO FILL WITH WATER.

DRILL HOLE IN CORK. FORCE TUBING IN.



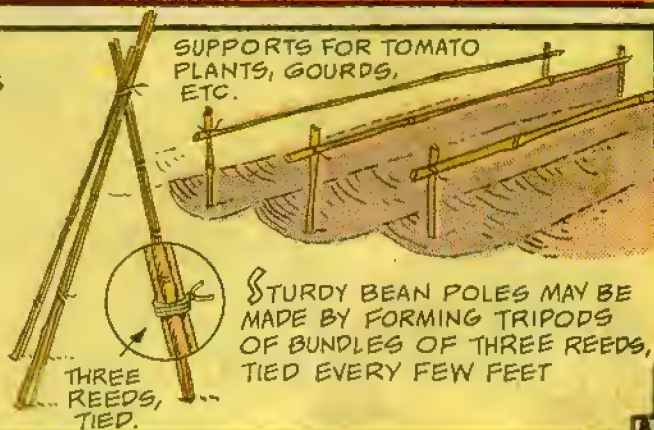






## WILD *Victory* REED REPLACES METAL STAKES

**W**ILD REED, WHICH GROWS IN DENSE CLUMPS, SOMETIMES MORE THAN TEN FEET TALL, ALONG RIVERS LAKES AND MARSHES IN MOST SECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES, IS THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR METAL STAKES AND DRESSED LUMBER TO SUPPORT YOUR BEANS AND OTHER ANNUAL CLIMBERS.

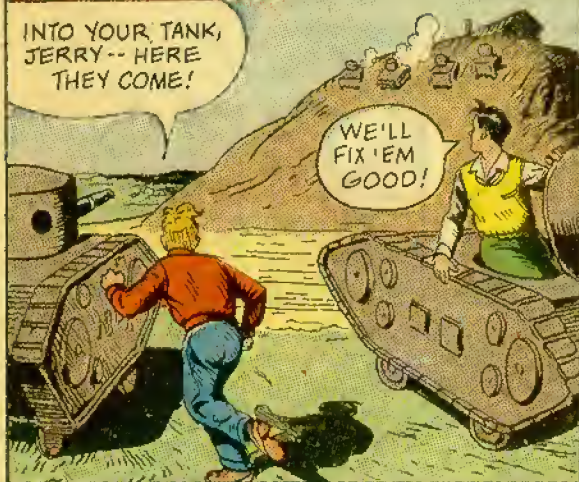




THE BATTLE STARTS!

INTO YOUR TANK, JERRY-- HERE THEY COME!

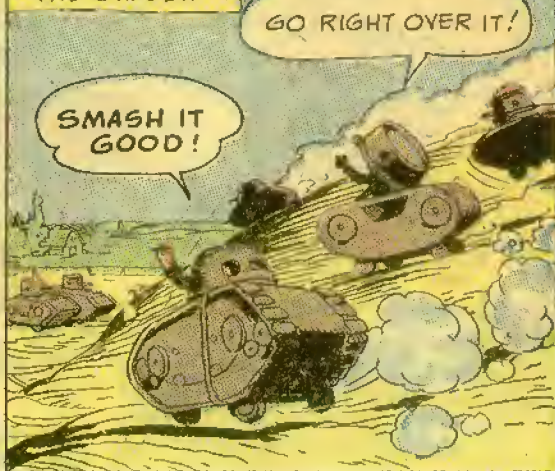
WE'LL FIX 'EM GOOD!



BUTCH'S TANKS ROLL STRAIGHT TOWARD THE GARDEN ...

GO RIGHT OVER IT!

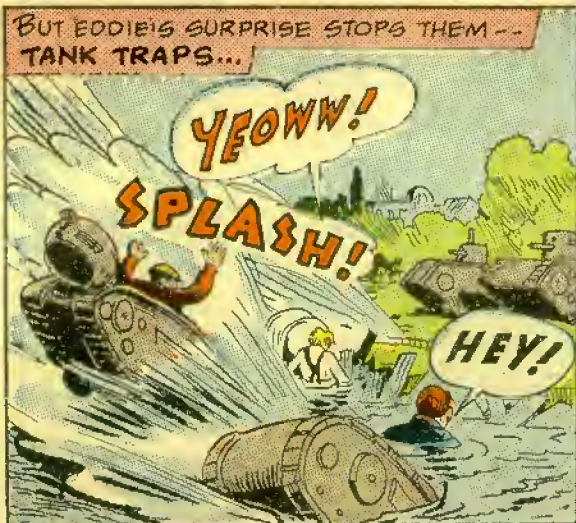
SMASH IT GOOD!



BUT EDDIE'S SURPRISE STOPS THEM-- TANK TRAPS...

YEOWW!  
SPLASH!

HEY!



WISE GUYS-- THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE! GET 'EM...

OKAY, JERRY-- LET'S ROLL!

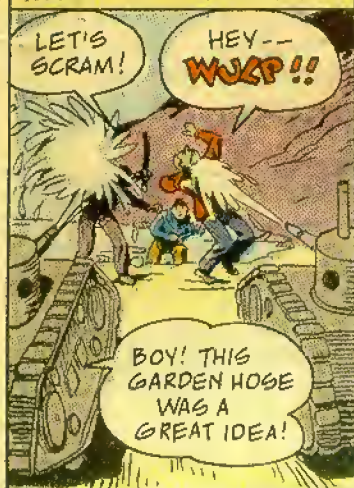


EDDIE AND JERRY ATTACK WITH WATER!

LET'S SCRAM!

HEY--  
WUFP!!

BOY! THIS GARDEN HOSE WAS A GREAT IDEA!



YOUR STRATEGY WAS ALL WET, WASN'T IT, BUTCH?

OKAY-- WE GIVE UP!

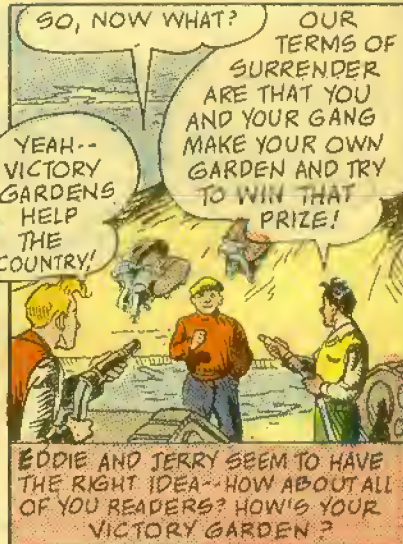


SO, NOW WHAT?

OUR TERMS OF SURRENDER ARE THAT YOU AND YOUR GANG MAKE YOUR OWN GARDEN AND TRY TO WIN THAT PRIZE!

YEAH-- VICTORY GARDENS HELP THE COUNTRY!

EDDIE AND JERRY SEEM TO HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA--HOW ABOUT ALL OF YOU READERS? HOW'S YOUR VICTORY GARDEN?





# EDISON BELL'S PUSHMOBILE

# TANK

HOW  
TO  
MAKE

THE WORK PUT INTO A PUSHMOBILE TANK LIKE EDDIE'S, SHOWN HERE, IS A SWELL INVESTMENT - FOR YOU'LL BE THE ENVY OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD! NOW, DIG UP SOME SCRAP WOOD, A FEW USED, LARGE CARDBOARD SIGNS --- AND GO TO WORK!

By *Ed Bell*

BROOM STICK  
"CANNONS"  
PUSHED THROUGH  
HOLES IN  
CAN

TANK'S TRACTOR  
THREADS ARE  
PAINTED ON  
WITH BLACK  
PAINT AS  
SHOWN.

TIN CAN NAILED  
TO TOP OF BOX

WOOD  
SOAP  
BOX

FLAP OF  
CARDBOARD  
LIFTED UP  
TO SHOW  
HOW IT IS  
TACKED  
TO FRAME.

BOTTOM FRONT LEFT  
OPEN TO PERMIT  
WHEELS TO TURN

BROOM STICK  
"CANNONS"

"SUPER STRUCTURE"  
LIFTS UP ON  
HINGES

BOX SEAT

$\frac{3}{4}$ " X  $1\frac{3}{4}$ " WOOD

2" X 4" WOOD  
PIECES

HINGES

"TANK"  
FRAMEWORK

YOUR  
PUSHMOBILE

BOLT

OPEN

MOUNT A SIMPLE FRAMEWORK OF STICKS, NAILING THEM SECURELY IN PLACE, ON YOUR HOME MADE PUSHMOBILE. COVER THIS FRAMEWORK WITH HEAVY CARD - BOARD, OLD WINDOW SHADE MATERIAL, OR WHAT HAVE YOU --- AND PAINT IT GREY - OR CAMOUFLAGE COLORS. THE BEST MATERIAL TO COVER THE TANK IS, OF COURSE, PLYWOOD --- HOWEVER, THE OTHER SUGGESTED MATERIALS WILL ALSO SERVE.

SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



# You and What Army!

by MILT HAMMER

"**W**HEE, where did you get that black eye, Johnny? Boy, oh boy — the other guy sure must have socked you a good one. What happened to the other kid, huh?"

Johnny Adams was getting tired and angry at his friends for asking him the same questions. What difference did it make where he got the black eye? He had it and knew that he had to make the best of it until it disappeared in a week or so.

But, Johnny knew that he would be given no rest by his friends until he told them how he got it. He thought he might as well tell them now while they were all gathered together for their meeting in the Sparkie A. C. clubhouse.

"Well, fellows," he began, "this is the way I got this black eye."

"Come on now," Timmy Mahoney interrupted, "the real low-down, Johnny. I betcha somebody socked you good and hard. Was he bigger than you, huh? Did you sock him a good one, too?"

"Sure, somebody did sock me—but if you'll all be quiet for a few minutes I'll tell you the whole story from start to finish."

And this is the tale he told.

\* \* \*

Yesterday afternoon, right after school, Johnny went down to Pop Grundy's drug-store for a soda when some clumsy kid bumped into him and dropped a double-dip ice cream cone on his shirt. He waited for him to excuse him-

self, but he just stood there looking at Johnny.

"You better look out where you're going," he said to him, real tough like.

"Are you looking for trouble?" Johnny asked him in a soft tone. It made him mad to see ice cream all over his clean shirt. He knew his mom would be good and angry when she saw it.

"Ha, ha," the kid said. "I can lick you any time."

Just then Pop Grundy came from behind the soda counter and stepped between the two boys.

He was a happy, rotund little man who laughed a great deal with all the boys and seldom was angered by their antics, but when he spoke to them sternly they generally listened. Only last week two husky fellows had gotten into a terrific argument and Pop Grundy had amazed everyone by calmly taking them by the scuff of the neck. Five minutes later they found themselves on the sidewalk.

"You're not to return 'til you can mend your manners," he told them angrily. And they hadn't. Pop stood between the two boys now and laid his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Come on, fellows," he said. "You know better than to start a fight in my store. Be quiet or you'll have to leave."

Soon after the fresh kid left and Johnny wasn't far behind him. Coming out of Pop Grundy's place Johnny got knocked down by somebody who was running like sixty and not

watching where he was going. Both the kids were kind of dazed for a minute. Then they got to their feet and Johnny saw with anger that it was the same kid who had spilled the ice cream on him not ten minutes before in Pop's.

"So," he said to this kid, "Trying to be funny again, eh? You're a pretty husky little kid but maybe you're a little too tough and fresh for your own good."

"What do you mean by that, huh?" the kid asked. "I've never seen you before in my whole life!"

"Oh, no!" Johnny said. "Gee, you certainly have a terrible memory for a tough guy. You pumpkin' head!"

"Hey, you," the kid retorted. "Don't call me pumpkin' head or I'll bust you one in the eye!"

"Oh, yeah," Johnny replied. "You and what army?"

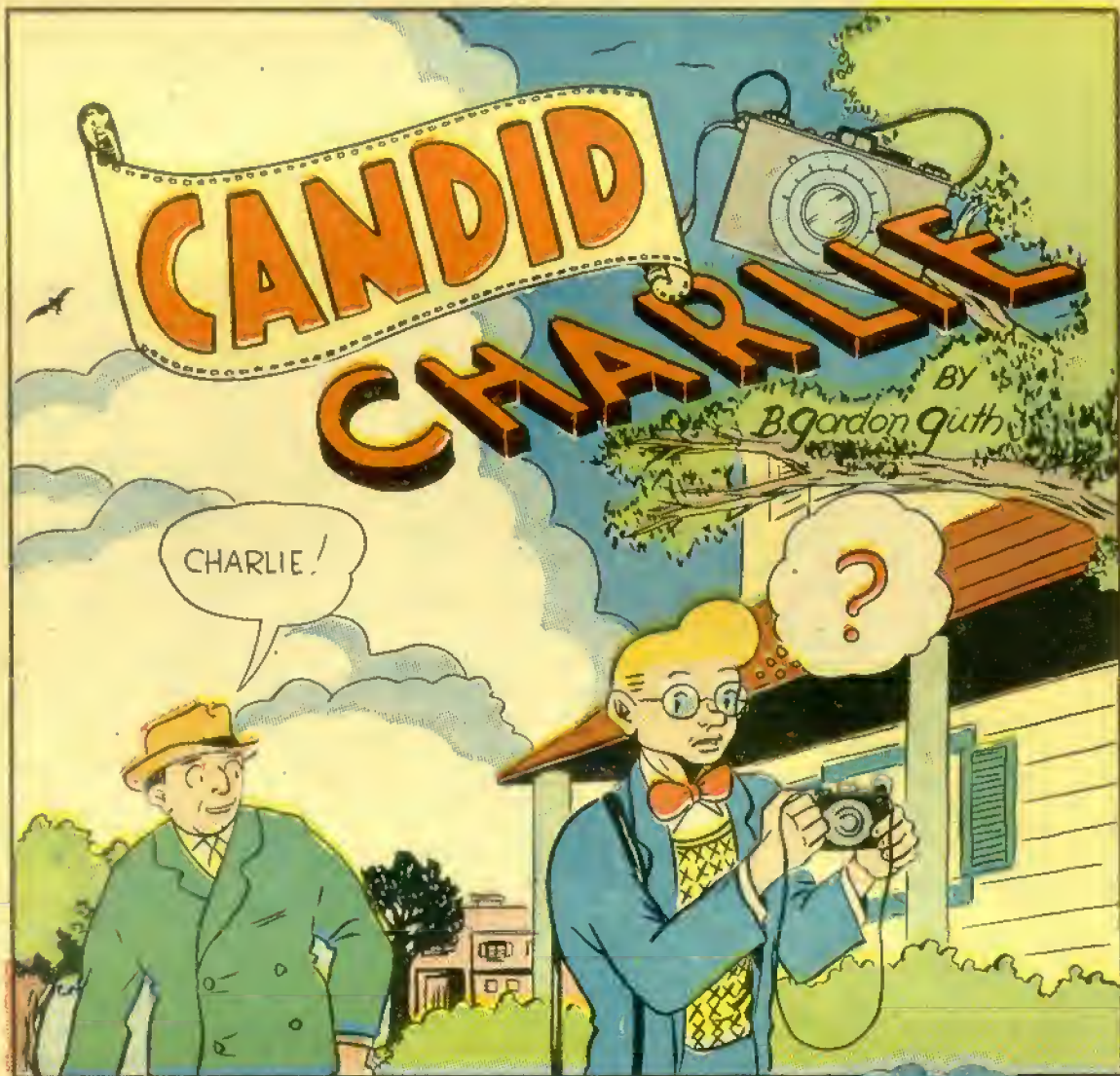
Just then from out of nowhere Johnny got a terrific smack on the back. He turned around and had an idea he was seeing double, for standing right there was another kid who looked exactly like the one he'd just finished talking to. While he was looking at the kid who hit him from behind the one in front wound up and gave him a beauty of a shiner.

\* \* \*

"And that's the whole truth, fellows," Johnny ended sheepishly. "It sure teaches me a lesson! The next time I say 'You and what army?' to some kid, I'm gonna be sure first that he isn't twins!!"

THE END





**DON'T EVER DOUBT YOUR HOME-FRONT CHORE  
WILL HELP A LOT TO WIN THIS WAR**



AT THE LENSVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

OH! LOOK, THERE'S CHARLIE. MAYBE HE'LL SNAP OUR PICTURES.

HI'YA, GIRLS!

O.K., GIRLS-ALL SET.

HEY! WHERE YA GOING-- I DIDN'T TAKE A SHOT.

CHARLIE, I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE TO TAKE PICTURES OF NURSES. COME WITH ME.

I ER---

TAKE OFF YOUR JACKET.

BUT, I'M NOT WARM!

PUT THIS ON!

GOSH, I CAN'T EVEN STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD, AND HERE I AM DRESSING LIKE A DOCTOR.

SAY-- WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ? PHOTOGRAPH AN OPERATION!



GULP!  
I FEEL SICK!

TAKE IT  
EASY. IT  
ISN'T AS BAD  
AS ALL THAT.

YOU SEE, CHARLIE, A VERY FAMOUS SURGEON IS  
GOING TO PERFORM A DELICATE OPERATION. HE  
RECORDS EVERY OPERATION IN **THIRD  
DIMENSIONAL** PHOTOGRAPHY. HE HAS  
SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT, BUT THE  
PHOTOGRAPHER DIDN'T SHOW UP-- SO, WE  
NEED YOU AND YOUR CAMERA.

AS THEY WALK TOWARDS  
THE OPERATING ROOM.

DR. SETABONE!

AH! MR. DINGLE,  
HOW ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND THE  
FORMALITIES. STEPD INTO  
THE OFFICE A MINUTE!

AND FURTHERMORE, I WILL  
WITHDRAW MY SUPPORT OF  
THIS HOSPITAL IF YOU DON'T  
STOP FOOLING AROUND  
WITH FADS--- TAKING  
PICTURES- BAH!

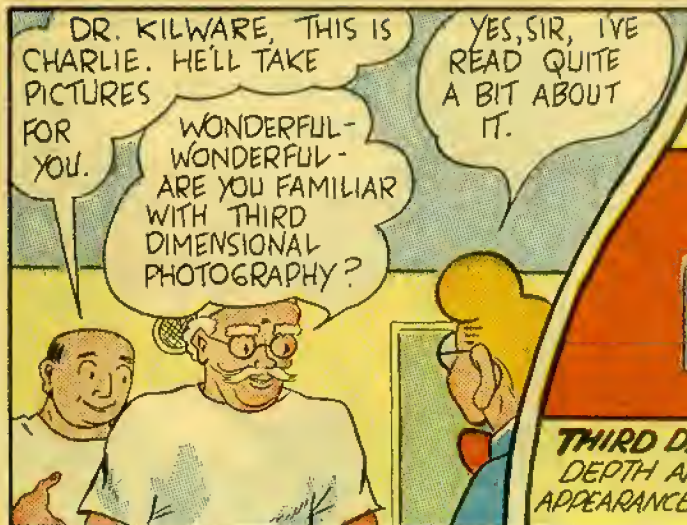
WE HAVE THE PATIENT'S  
CONSENT AND A VERY  
FAMOUS SURGEON IS  
OPERATING.  
I THINK IT'S A  
MARVELOUS IDEA!

**MR. DINGLE IS  
FINALLY CONVINCED.**

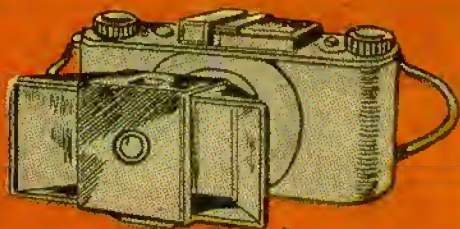
WE OWE IT TO THE  
ADVANCEMENT OF  
MEDICAL SCIENCE

WELL--- I  
STILL THINK IT'S  
CRAZY, BUT  
I'LL GIVE IN.

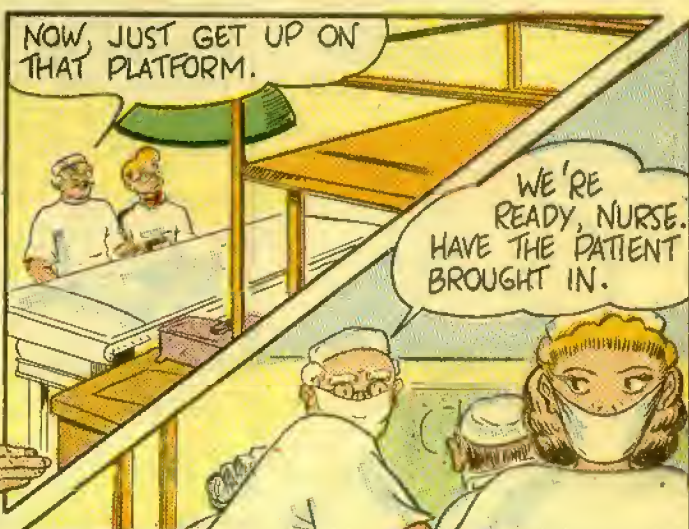
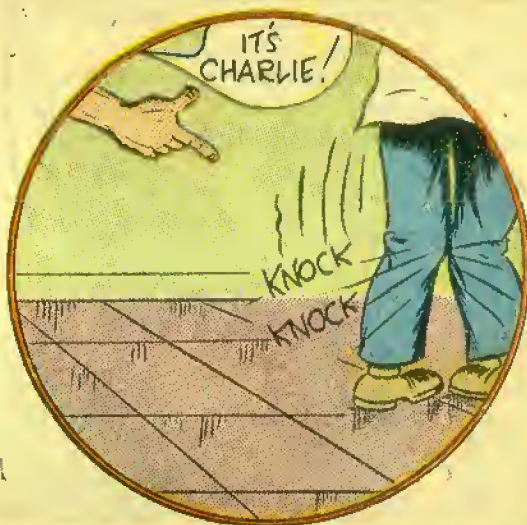
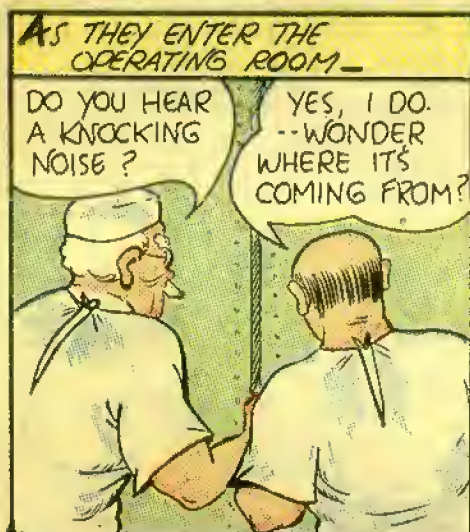




CHARLIE PUTS THE DEVICE ON HIS CAMERA WHICH WILL ENABLE HIM TO TAKE **THIRD DIMENSIONAL** PICTURES.

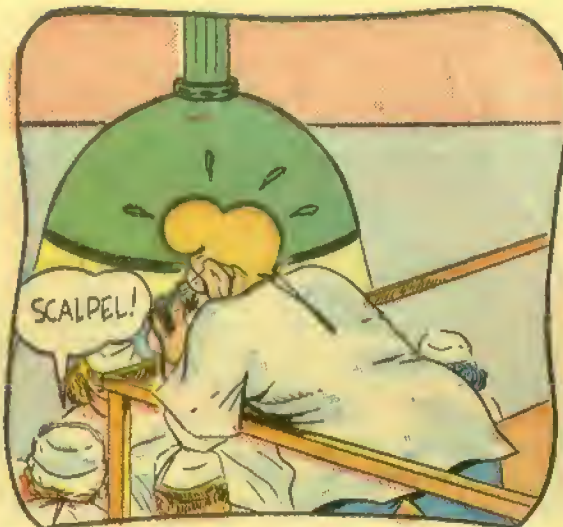


**THIRD DIMENSION** PICTURES HAVE DEPTH AND ROUNDNESS. THEY HAVE THE APPEARANCE AND PERSPECTIVE OF REAL LIFE.

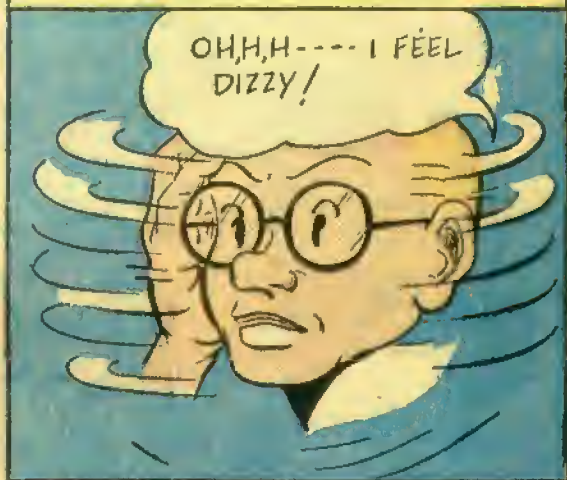


**Q** QUESTION No. 73. Can you give any synonyms for "device" as used here?

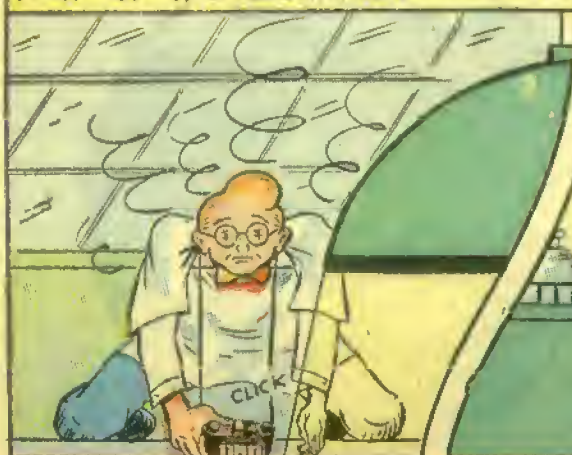




AS THE OPERATION PROGRESSES.



AND JUST AT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE OPERATION---



IT'S ALL OVER, CHARLIE.

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?



GOSH! I HAD TO FAINT AT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART. IT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER FAILED!



IT'S TOO BAD. THE OPERATION WAS AN UNUSUAL ONE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE IF WE HAD A PICTURE OF IT.

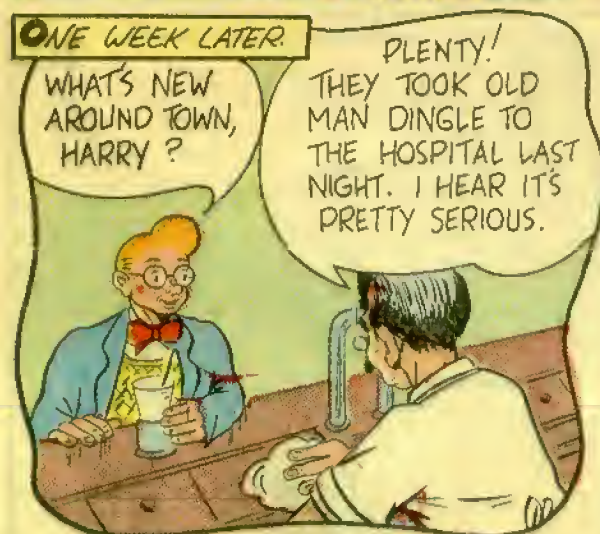
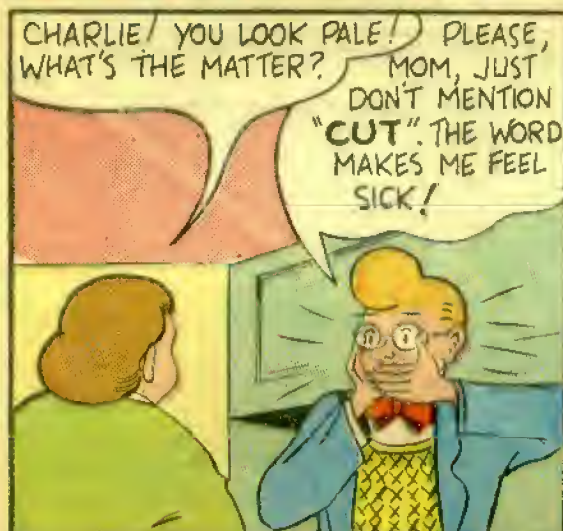
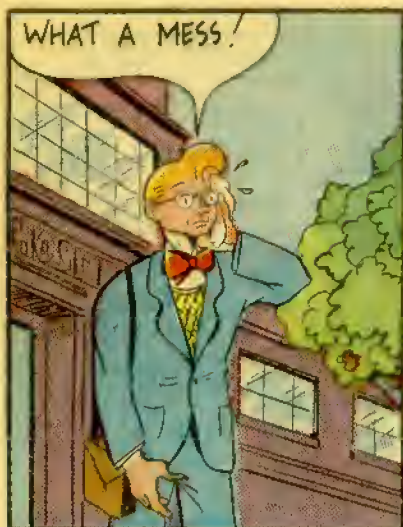


I HOPE MR. DINGLE DOESN'T HEAR OF THIS. WE'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE HOSPITAL.

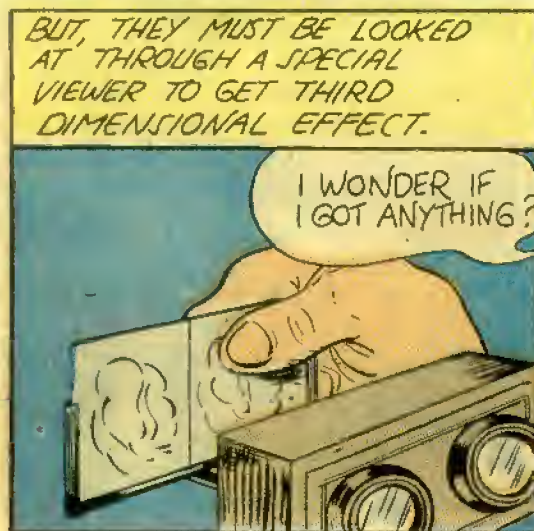
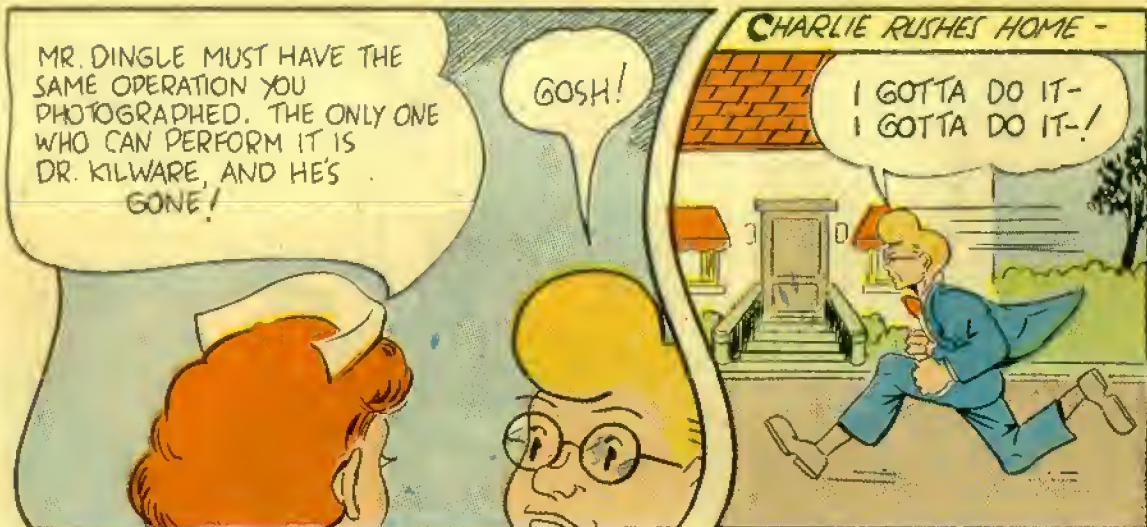
IT'S ALL MY FAULT, TOO.



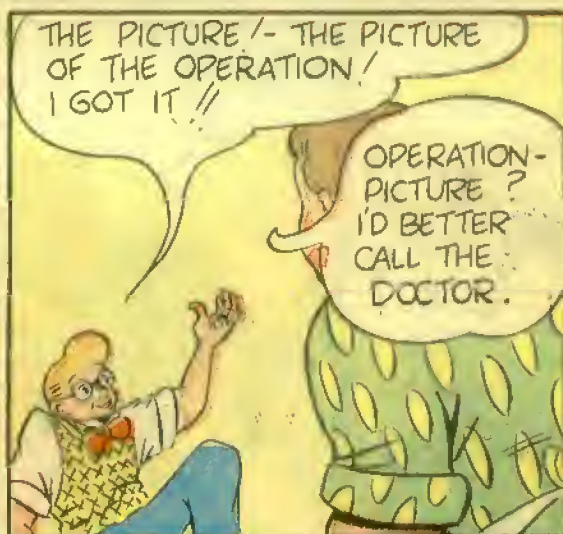
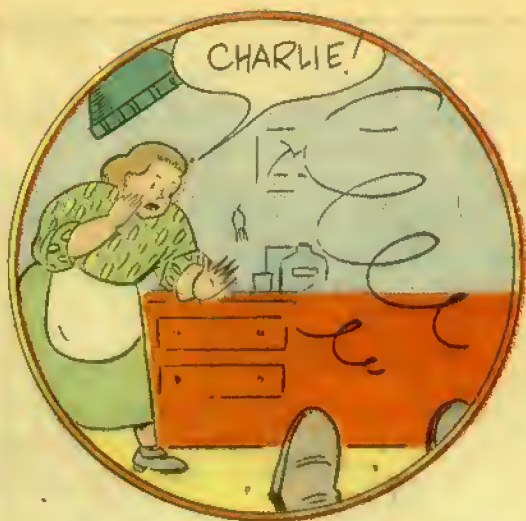
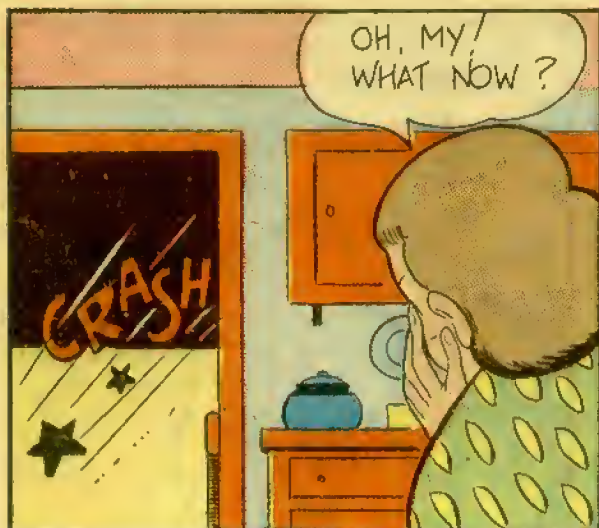




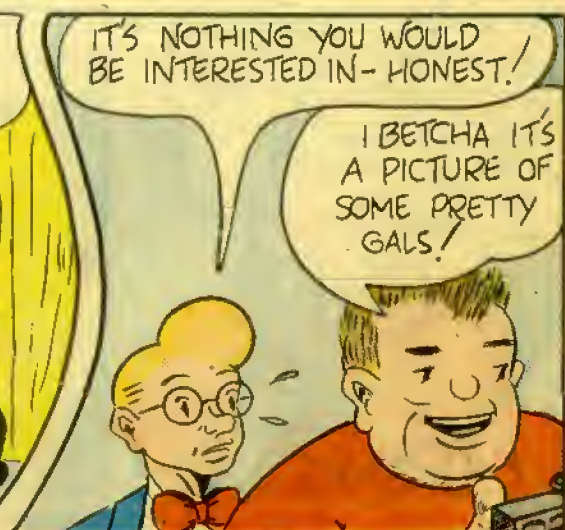
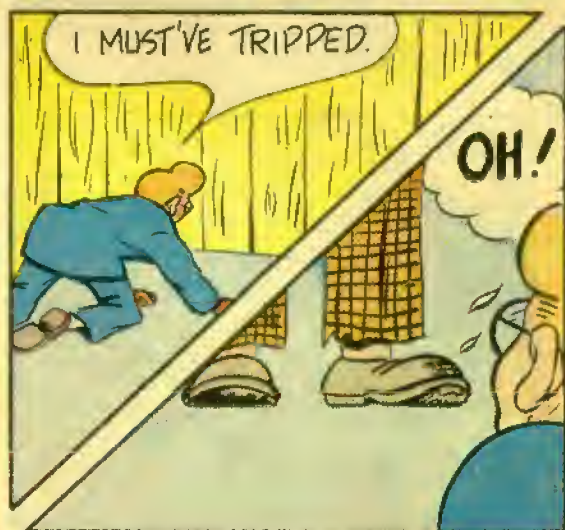
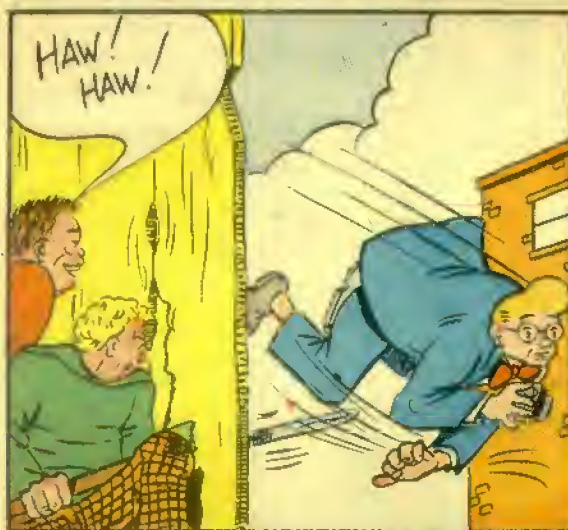
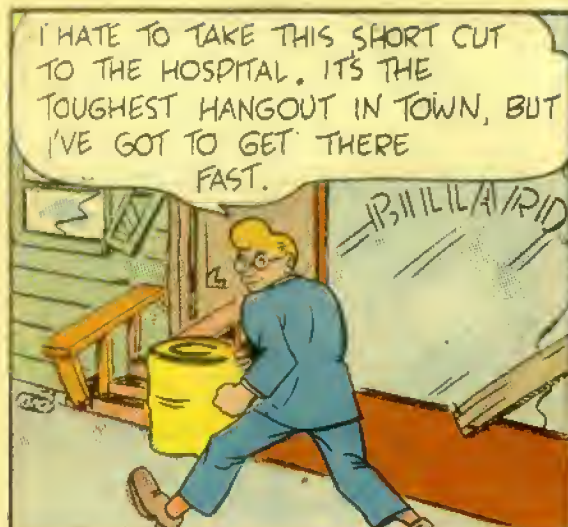




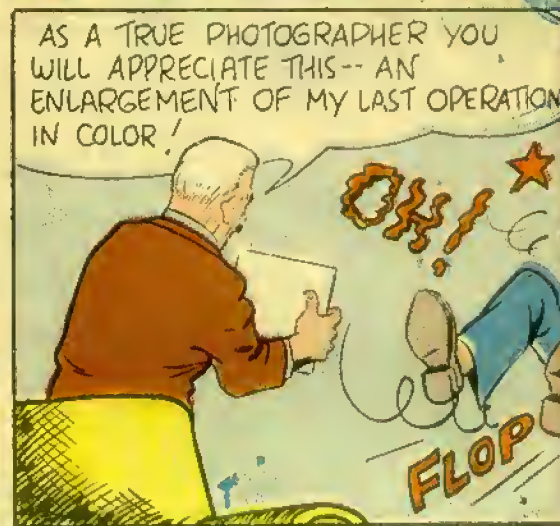
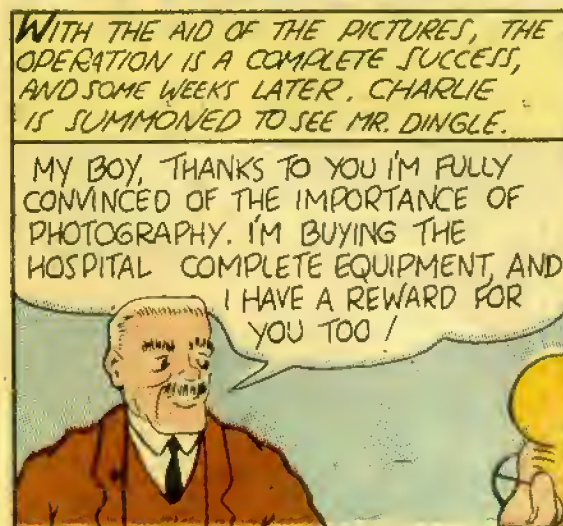
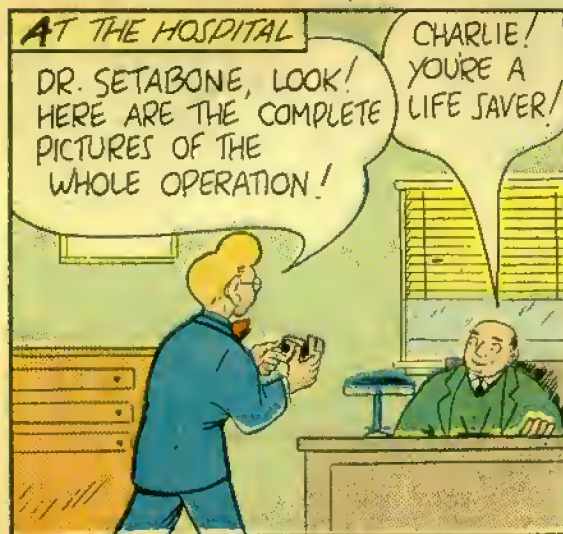
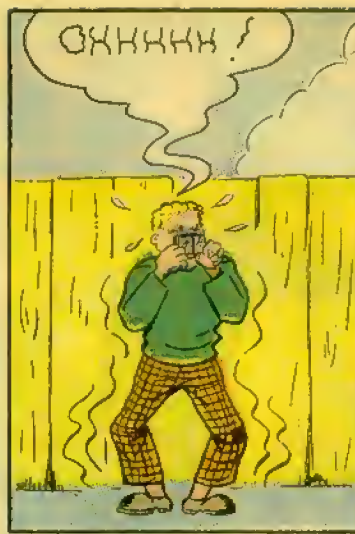












SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



# The CADET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



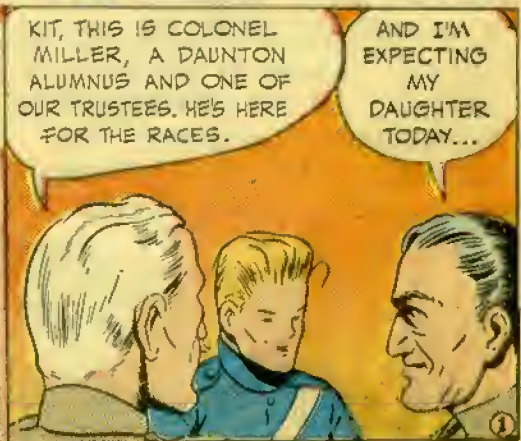
**D**AUNTON IS ENGAGED IN A TOURNAMENT OF THREE BOAT RACES AGAINST BEDFORD ACADEMY. DAUNTON HAS WON THE FIRST, WITH KIT CARTER AS CREW CAPTAIN. ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY OF THIS WEEK-END, THE TWO REMAINING RACES WILL BE HELD. IT'S FRIDAY AT DAUNTON. . . .



IF WE WIN TOMORROW, DAN, IT'LL CLINCH THE TOURNAMENT.

KIT, COLONEL TILGHMAN WANTS TO SEE YOU.

**A**  
FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER...



KIT, THIS IS COLONEL MILLER, A DAUNTON ALUMNUS AND ONE OF OUR TRUSTEES. HE'S HERE FOR THE RACES.

AND I'M EXPECTING MY DAUGHTER TODAY...

IT WILL MAKE THE JAP AND JERRY SORE WHEN WE AT HOME HELP WIN THE WAR.





YOU'RE TO DRIVE INTO TOWN NOW, KIT, AND PICK MISS MILLER UP.

YES, SIR, BUT HOW WILL I KNOW HER?

AH, HERE'S JOAN'S PICTURE.



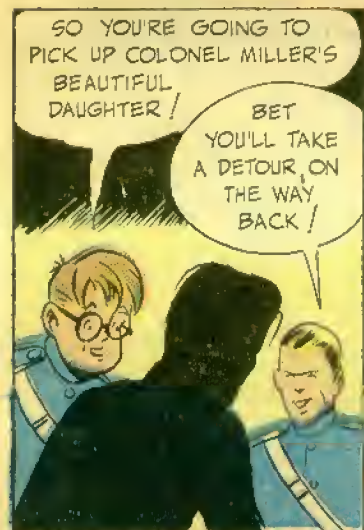
SAY--!

I'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, SIR.



JOAN AND I ARE DINING WITH SPECIAL FRIENDS, SO RETURN AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

DON'T WORRY. KIT'S VERY DEPENDABLE.

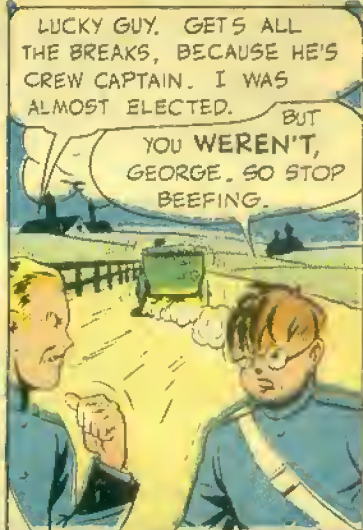


SO YOU'RE GOING TO PICK UP COLONEL MILLER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER!

BET YOU'LL TAKE A DETOUR, ON THE WAY BACK!



OH, NO! I'VE GOT TO GET HER BACK RIGHT ON TIME OR I'LL BE IN DUTCH!



LUCKY GUY. GETS ALL THE BREAKS, BECAUSE HE'S CREW CAPTAIN. I WAS ALMOST ELECTED.

BUT YOU WEREN'T, GEORGE. SO STOP BEEFING.



WE'RE ALL ON THE CREW, AND WE'VE GOT TO PULL TOGETHER FOR VICTORY.

SURE! UH... SEE YOU LATER. I'VE GOT A LITTLE ERRAND IN TOWN.

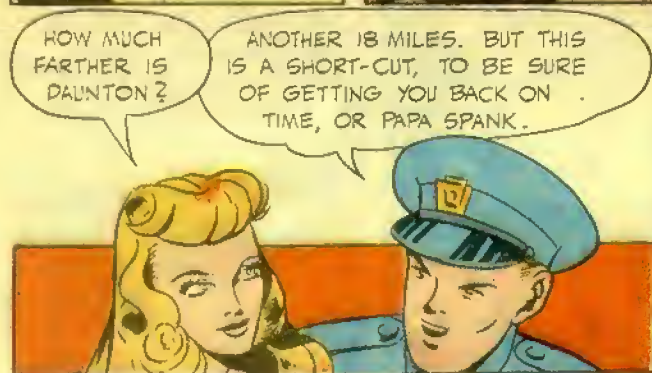
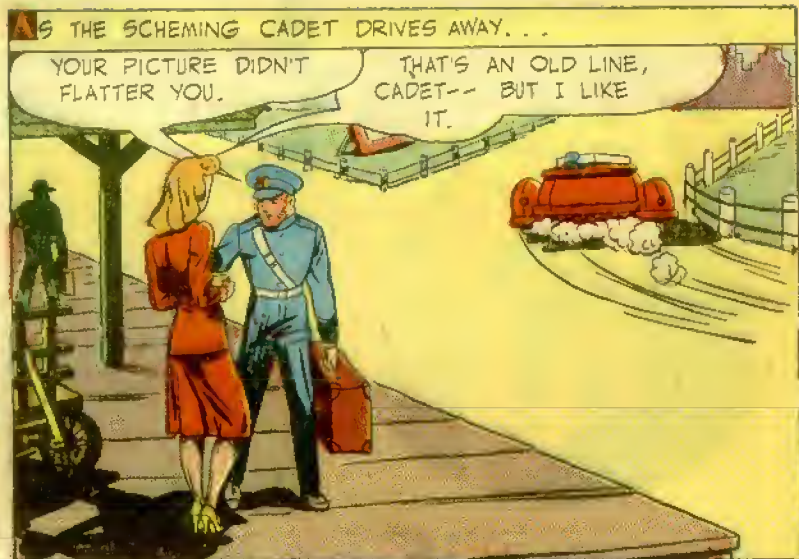
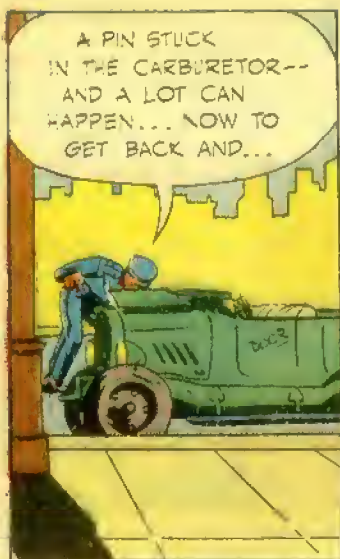
A HALF HOUR LATER...



SO KIT'LL BE IN DUTCH IF ANYTHING HAPPENS... MMM... THERE'S HIS CAR.

QUESTION No. 16 Rearrange the letters R-O-U-T-E-D to get a word on this page.







WHEN KIT CALLS DAUNTON,  
WHERE...

YES, THIS IS COLONEL  
TILGHMAN'S OFFICE. OH, KIT...  
IT'S DAN. CAR TROUBLE?  
GOSH, TOO BAD. SURE,  
I'LL TELL COLONEL  
MILLER.

FAT CHANCE.

I FIGURED ON HIS  
PHONING. GUESS I SOUNDED  
LIKE DAN... STALLED,  
HA, HA!

TWO HOURS PASS. DINNER  
IS OVER, AND...

THIS IS TERRIBLE.  
SOMETHING MUST HAVE  
HAPPENED. I'LL CHECK  
THE HOSPITALS,  
NOTIFY THE STATE  
TROOPERS...

STILL LATER --

WHAT'LL WE DO?  
NOT EVEN A PASSING  
CAR TO... OH!

**BUMP**

DIDN'T SEE YOUR  
CAR. TAIL LIGHT'S OUT.  
HEY, YOU MUST BE THE  
TWO!.. YOUR FATHER'S  
WORRIED STIFF!

MY FATHER  
KNOWS WE'RE  
STALLED.

STALLED, HUH?  
GET THAT  
MOTOR RUNNING,  
YOUNG  
FELLOW.

IT  
WON'T  
GO.  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
WRONG.

BUT AS KIT STARTS THE CAR...

IT-- IT'S  
GOING!

SO THERE'S SOME-  
THING WRONG WITH  
THE CAR, HUH!

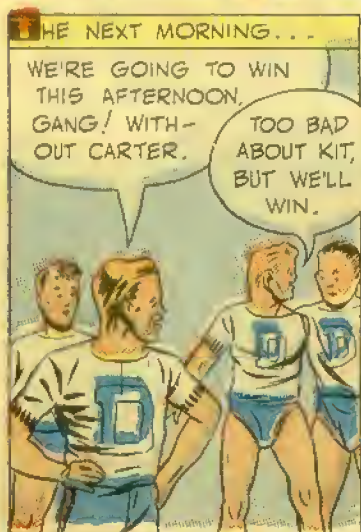
GOSH, THERE  
WAS SOME-  
THING WRONG!

THE BUMP HAD DISLODGED THE  
PIN FROM THE CARBURETOR!





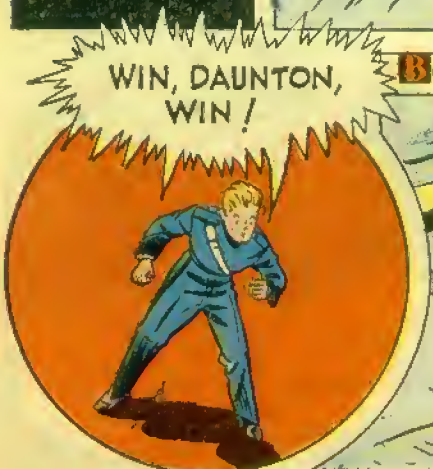
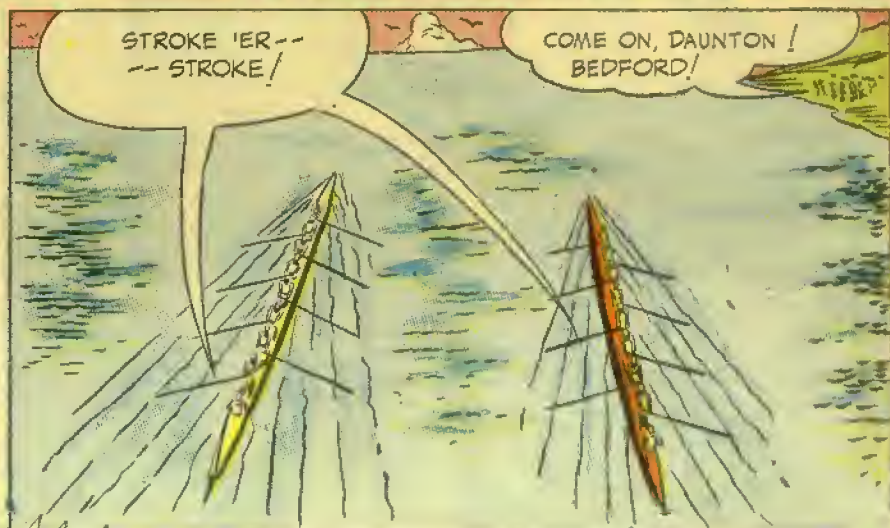
**B**ACK AT DAUNTON-- COLONEL MILLER INDIGNANTLY DEMANDS KIT'S SUSPENSION FROM THE CREW-- AND COLONEL TILGHMAN COMPLIES...







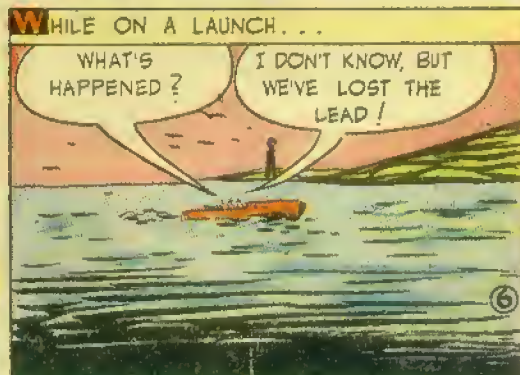
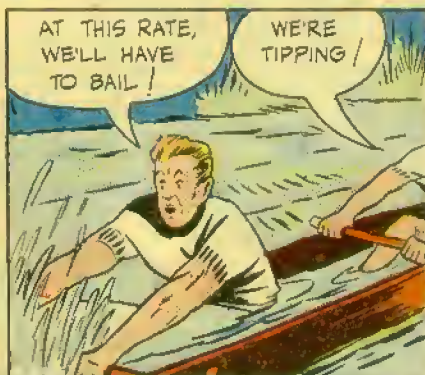
**T**HAT AFTERNOON THE BIG EVENT IS ON... OARS WHIP THE FOAMING WATER AS THE TWO RIVAL CREWS SPEED AHEAD!



**B**OW-TO-BOW THE TWO BOATS RACE. THEN SUDDENLY...



**A**S MORE WATER GUSHES IN, THE CREW IS HAMPERED, DISTRACTED...



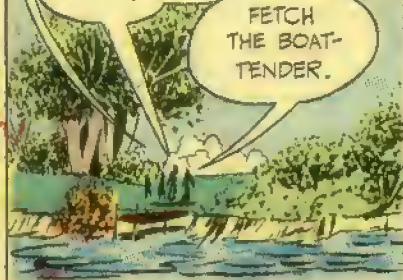


AND BEDFORD WINS!... LATER...

HOW COULD A LEAK HAVE BEEN SPRUNG?

I DON'T KNOW. THE BOAT WAS INSPECTED THIS MORNING, BUT A PLANK GAVE WAY.

FETCH THE BOAT-TENDER.



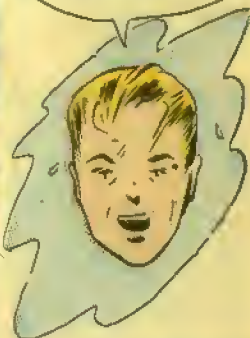
THIS PLANK WAS SAWED, THEN GLUED TOGETHER. AND THE WATER DISSOLVED THE GLUE.

THAT MEANS SOMEONE DELIBERATELY...



KIT CARTER

WE SAW HIM RUN OUT OF THE BOAT-HOUSE, DIDN'T WE, JOAN?



AGAIN KIT IS CALLED "ON THE CARPET."

I THOUGHT I HAD LEFT MY SWEATER AND WENT BACK TO LOOK FOR IT. YOU DON'T THINK I'Z...

IT LOOKS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS.

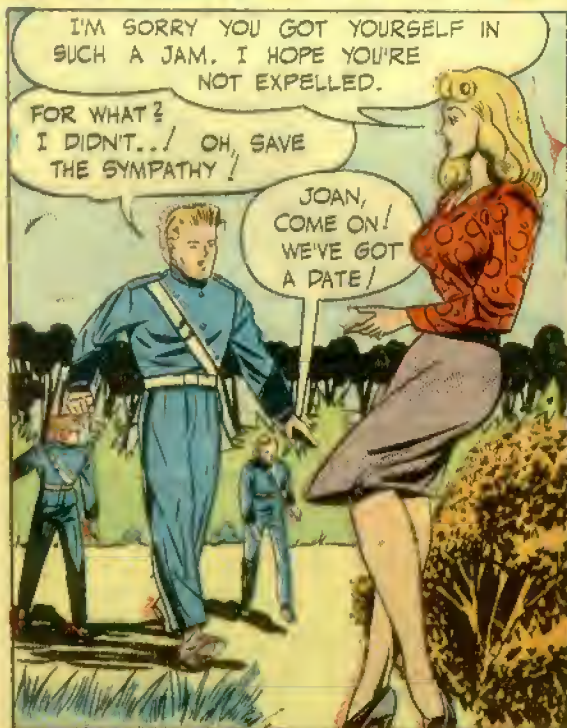
THAT WILL BE ALL, CARTER.



I'M SORRY YOU GOT YOURSELF IN SUCH A JAM. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT EXPELLED.

FOR WHAT? I DIDN'T...! OH, SAVE THE SYMPATHY!

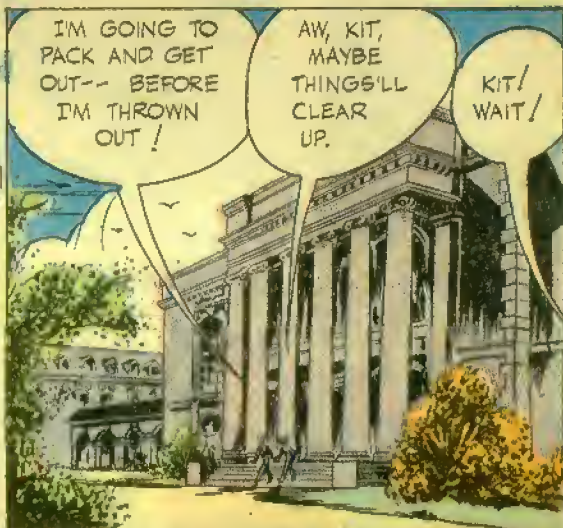
JOAN, COME ON! WE'VE GOT A DATE!



I'M GOING TO PACK AND GET OUT-- BEFORE I'M THROWN OUT!

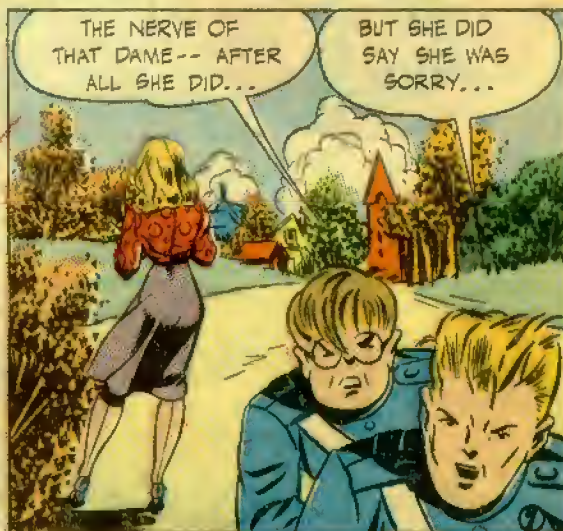
AW, KIT, MAYBE THINGS'LL CLEAR UP.

KIT! WAIT!

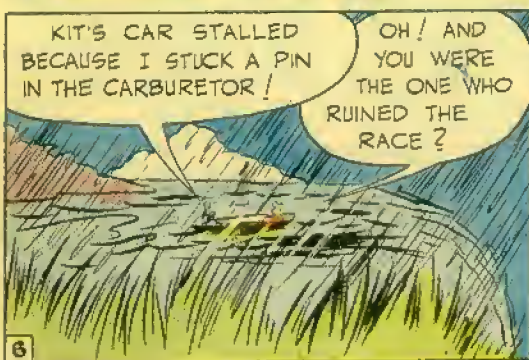
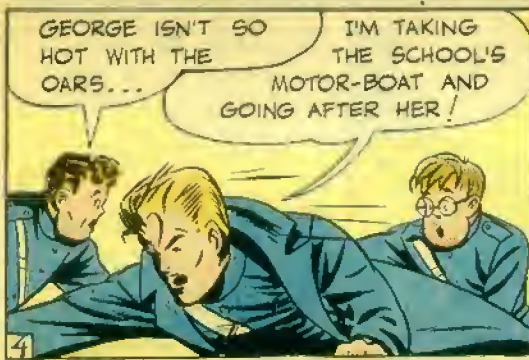


THE NERVE OF THAT DAME-- AFTER ALL SHE DID...

BUT SHE DID SAY SHE WAS SORRY...





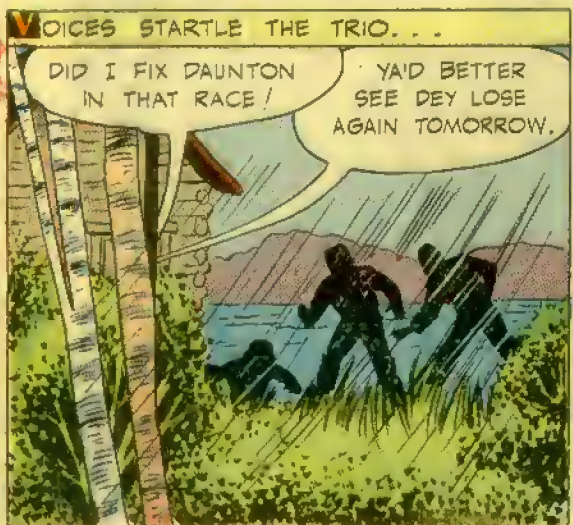


**Q**UESTION No. 19. In Niagara Falls what does the word "Niagara" mean?





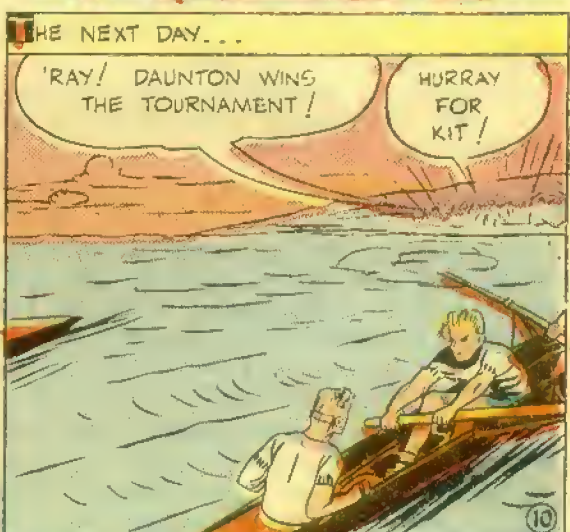
**A**S THE FRAIL BOAT HURTTLES INTO THE SURGING WATERS, KIT SKILLFULLY HEADS HIS CRAFT AWAY!







**I**N SWIFT SECONDS THE CRIME DUO IS ROUNDED UP.



**SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.**



# I Can't

by

PAM ROBINSON

"I CAN'T," Kerry said through trembling lips. "I just can't!" He looked at his brother but Alan was staring across the cooling desert sands at the brilliant sunset. He absently stroked the glossy neck of the chestnut stallion.

"It's okay, kid," he said gently. "You got a real scare when that wild horse threw you. Can't ride if you're scared."

Kerry flushed a deep crimson and turned away. As he walked toward the house bitter thoughts raced through his mind. "Scared! Scared! Scared!" they screamed at him and he winced. It was the hospital more than anything that had made him so afraid of horses. Three months of pain before the surgeon was certain he'd walk again. "But you'll never ride," the small voice taunted him. "Never ride—never ride—" He brushed his hand across his face and entered the kitchen where his mother was preparing dinner.

"Hello, dear," she smiled. "Must hustle with dinner for your pa and Ted are driving to the barbecue at Coakley's tonight."

Kerry strode quickly across the room and through the door. Sure, his brother and father were going to the barbeque but he hadn't even been invited. When you're shy of horses and you're living on a ranch, it's mighty strange; and the word gets around. He'd stay home as usual and watch his mother working on her patchwork quilt while he tried his best to read or listen to the radio.

"Oh, golly," he said aloud in a slurred voice. "Oh, golly," he repeated and angrily brushed the tears from his cheeks.

\* \* \*

Kerry was in his room when he heard his mother cry out. He ran into the hall and saw her lying at the foot of the stairs, her right arm painfully jammed beneath her. He picked her up gently and laid her on the pillow-strewn couch before the huge fireplace.

"Easy, mom," he said tenderly. "Just lie quietly and I'll see what's wrong."

"It's my arm, dear." She tried to speak softly but the pain jerked at her voice and made it shrill. "It's really all right, Kerry,"

she insisted. "I can easily wait until your father returns to send for the doctor."

Then the full impact of the situation hit Kerry. Ted and his father had taken the only car, the doctor was miles away and they had no phone. The only way to reach him was to ride. "To ride!" Kerry thought in panic. His mother seemed to read his thoughts.

"Don't fret, dear," she cautioned him. "You're not to ride, I won't hear of it!" But Kerry wasn't listening. He went to the closet and got out his heavy jacket and a pair of gloves.

"Be back in jig time with Doc Stone, mother," he said almost gayly. "That new chestnut of Ted's is a fast one."

"Kerry—" his mother began but he interrupted. "It's really all right, mom," he said gently. His hands trembled slightly as he pulled on his gloves, but he grinned at his mother and winked roguishly before he opened the door and walked quickly toward the stables.

## THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4 MOST, published quarterly, at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1944.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.  
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of The Premium Service Co., Inc., owner of the 4 Most, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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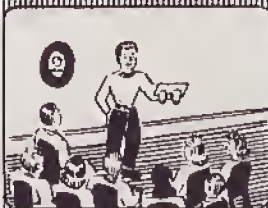
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